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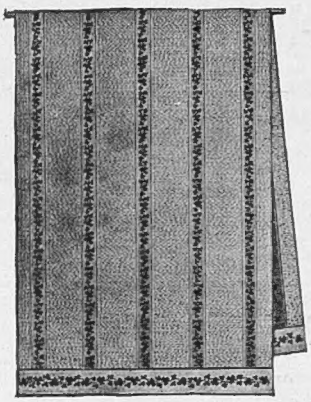

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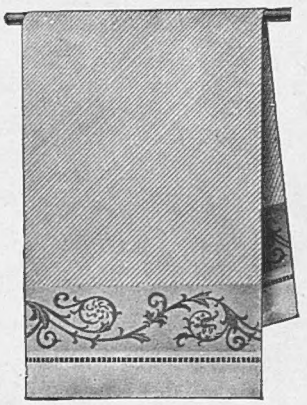

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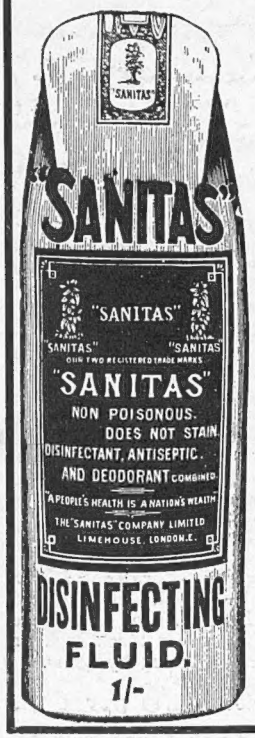

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The Bystander, January 19, 1916.—No. 633. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Photo Press*

INDIA'S NEW VICEREINE

One of the latest portraits of Lady Chelmsford, whose husband has been appointed Viceroy of India in succession to Lord Hardinge. Lady Chelmsford is the eldest sister of Lord Wimborne, the Viceroy of Ireland

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. Evenings, at 8.35. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Joseph Coyne, Dorothy Minto, Grock, Tom Walls, Billie Carleton. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale." "BRITAIN PREPARED," Matinées, Daily, 2.30.

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT in "Du Théâtre Au Champ D'Honneur," ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "A Pair of Knickerbockers." VESTA TILLEY, ALBERT CHEVALIER, MABEL KNOWLES, OLGA, ELGAR & ELI HUDSON, etc. 7541 Ger.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

One Week's Work

TOWARDS that triumphant ending of the war in the Allies' favour, which, as we all know, is inevitable, the Week at Home has contributed—let me see, what has it contributed? Ah, yes, the second reading of the "Military Service" Bill. Carried by a majority of 392, after some excellent speeches. Another month will, no doubt, see this measure on the Statute Book, and then, by necessity, begins positively the last lap in the race for victory.

***

More Marking Time?

IT will, as I had the bad taste to point out last week, be some twelve months at least before the numerical increase of our Armies by Conscription will have an appreciable effect in the field (assuming them to be equipped and trained and officered by that time). Nevertheless, the duration of the war has been officially fixed at Three Years, and if the present year has to be spent mainly in marking time, with occasional offences, *à la* Loos, and a gamble or two, *à la* Gallipoli, Britain can afford it—can she not? Five millions a day? Tush!

***

Victory à la L. G.

BESIDES, our hope lies, according to Mr. George, in the work of the factories. The New Year is likely to bring with it a General Election, in which the Great (but not exactly silent) Welshman, backed by a National Party, will be installed in office by an overwhelming majority. With renewed speeding up of labour, further darkening of the Great Silent Streets, the total prohibition of liquor, and the compulsory wearing of bibs and sucking of comforters by the adult population of these isles, victory is assured long before the conscripts march to the trenches.

***

The Montenegro Mystery—

ABROAD, the great event has been the fall of Montenegro into the hands of Austria. In the great and good time coming, when all things shall be revealed unto us, we shall no doubt be told precisely why our gallant Italian Allies have sat still and watched their traditional enemy's progress towards the "key to the Adriatic," and the crushing of the native land of her Majesty Queen Elena. Precisely why Italy, which is a military Power, failed to do even as much to save Montenegro in eight months as we unmilitary islanders tried to do, in six weeks, to save Belgium, is a problem of tragic interest.

***

—And Another

SOME of our newspapers tried valiantly to make out that the fall of Montenegro is attributable to the faults of Great Britain, but after a gallant attempt, they gave it up. After all, the public has by this time got to know the map of Europe pretty well, and the map left no doubt in the dullest mind whose duty it was among the Allies to do this particular bit of life-saving.

***

A Vision

I HOPE the Government will take an early opportunity of removing a vision which has, since the evacuation of Gallipoli, been persistently before our disordered eyes. It is the back view of a Turk with one hand over his eyes and the other jingling something in his pocket.

***

Turkish Humour

THE Turkish accounts of the driving away of the British, of whom "not a single soldier remained behind," prove our venerable and once-beloved oriental enemy to have lost none of his sense of humour. True, he took a week, apparently, to concoct the story of our "defeat," but the result is artistic enough to repay the time and trouble expended. If the Turkish people are satisfied with an "annihilation" which allows the invader to get clean away with all his men and most of his guns and stores, then they must be so easily satisfiable a nation that one wonders whether they might not, even now, be induced to save us any further trouble in fighting them, thus enabling us to concentrate on our real enemy. It is a matter of general despair all over the Empire that some quarter of a million British bodies should have been thrown away in a fight with a foe who is so little a foe, who, had our diplomatists been worth two pennyworth of gin, would have been fighting with us and not against us.

(*Continued on page 86*)

THE FRENCH-JOHN WEDDING

General French arriving at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, where the ceremony took place last Wednesday

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 85*)

Artistic Verisimilitude

SINCE writing the foregoing, I have read a detailed list of the Turkish "captures." The inclusion of "21,000 pots of jam" gives a touch of verisimilitude which shows that the Turk is the equal in imagination to his Teuton mentor, with a spice of humour added. When pots of *jam* come to be mentioned in the list of booty, the most sceptical among us is inclined to believe there may be truth in the allegations.

***

Self-Degradation

I DON'T like our Baralong attitude quite as much as Sir E. Grey evidently does himself. If there is an atom of foundation in the story that our sailors "murdered" a submarine crew—which I don't believe for a moment—then it seems that we ought to have announced our intention to hold an inquiry, whether or not the Germans held inquiries into their own innumerable barbarities. For us to offer to submit the Baralong affair to justice only on condition that the Germans so submit their own crimes, is to place ourselves on a level with the Huns.

***

Ginger

WHERE does General Sarrail, of Salonica, obtain those inexhaustible quantities of *ginger*, which enable him to arrest consuls, seize islands, destroy bridges, and generally to act according to the principle that "war is war"? Would he let the authorities in Downing Street know, in order that the ginger may be brought there at the earliest possible moment?

***

The Appropriate Attitude

THE French General's attitude towards Greece seems to be that "he who is not with us is against us." A trifle Prussian, perhaps; but it seems to pay to be rather Prussian, sometimes, when at war with Prussia.

***

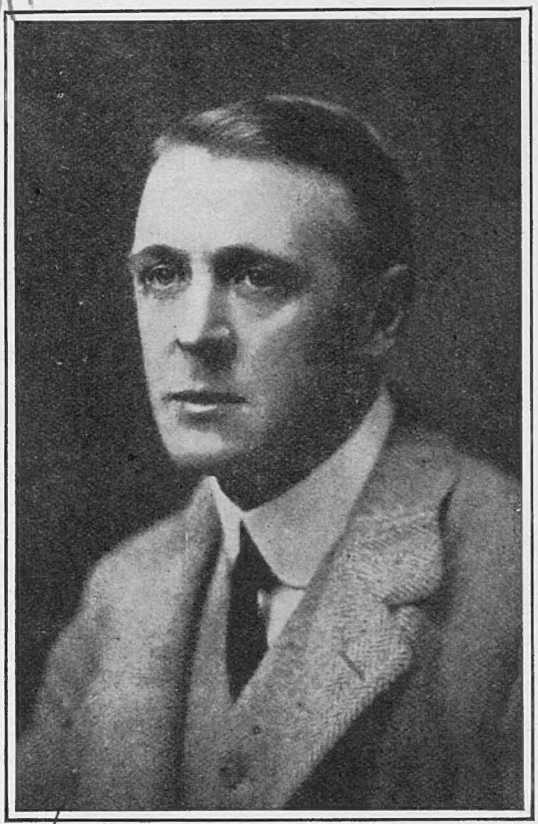
Not for Carson

I DO not, somehow, see Sir Edward Carson in the rôle, allotted to him by a section of the Press, of leader of the so-called "national party." Leader of the Young Tories, yes, if you like; but leader of a party which comprises Liberals of the type of Sir H. Dalziel, Sir A. Markham, Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, Sir C. Solomon Henry, Mr. Handel Booth, and other representatives of cosmopolitanism, finance and property, no, not quite. Sir Edward is noted for his honesty of purpose, and is nothing if not a democrat. He shines as a leader of plain men of strong Protestant faith. The leaders of the "national" cabal—a newspaper proprietor, a coal-owner, a Mond, a Hebrew financier, and—Mr. Handel Booth, savour of plutocracy rather than democracy, and I don't see Carson driving that team. And, what is more, I don't see British democracy following it at any distance whatever.

***

"Been There" Stock Buoyant

THE Unionist party has its own group for the "national party," and its complexion, comprising many M.P.'s on active service, is much more likely to be admired by the public. There is a good deal of partiality for the views just now of men who have actually "been there," and by far the best speech at the Constitutional Club meeting of last Wednesday was that of Colonel Page-Croft. One grows a little weary of the professional lamentations of the journalistic Jeremiah.



Photograph *Photo Press*

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA

A recent portrait of Lord Chelmsford, whose appointment to succeed Lord Hardinge as Viceroy of India has caused some surprise, probably because the public, whose memory is proverbially short, have forgotten by now that he has already governed two great provinces of the Empire, Queensland and New South Wales, with success

***

Very Conscientious

WHEN the question of granting exemption to the man who has a conscientious objection to taking the life of another comes to be dealt with by the authorities, I understand they will be faced with an even stronger body of objectors, *i.e.*, those who have a conscientious objection to having their lives taken by another.

***

The Englishman's Home

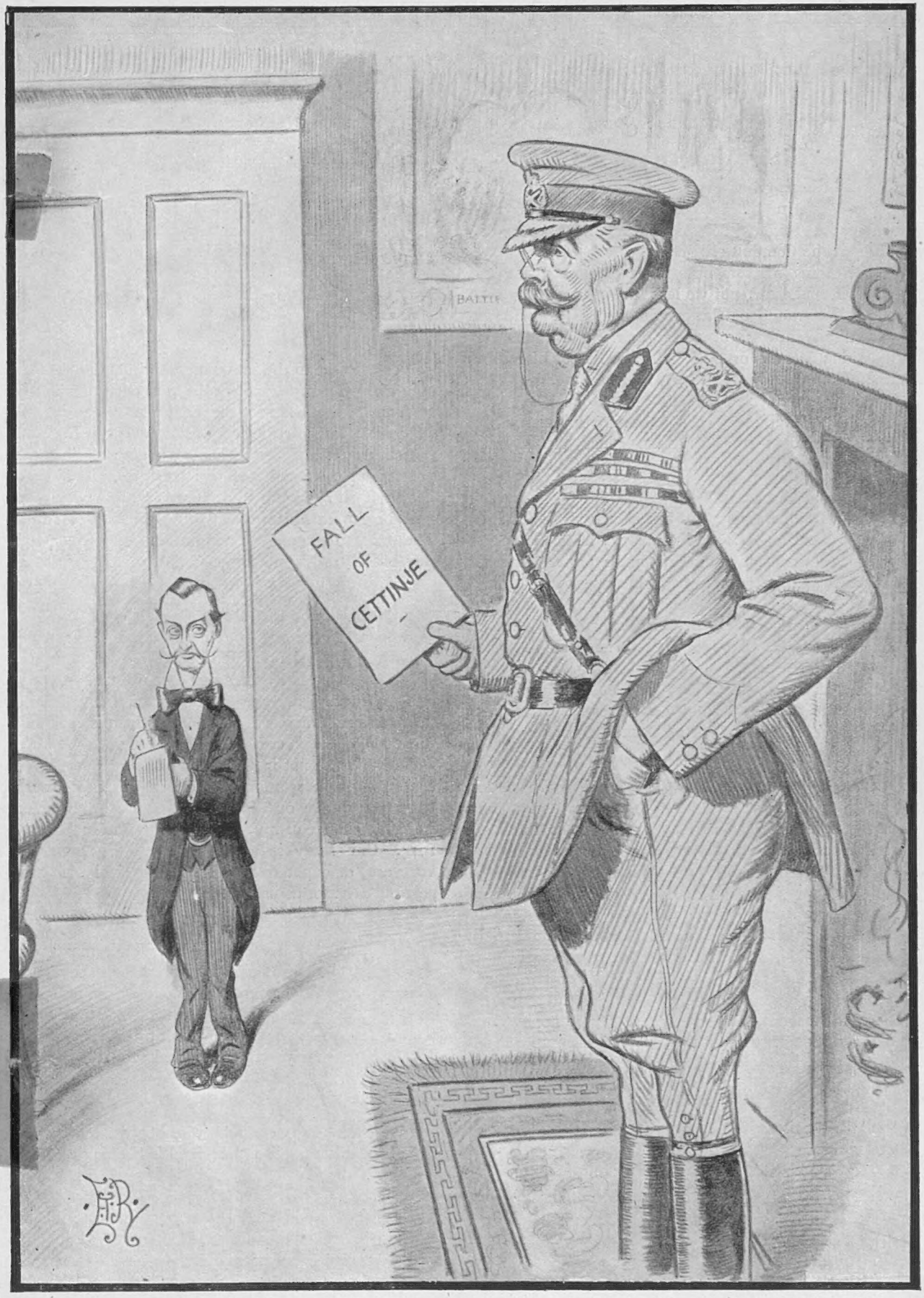
VISITORS to the variety theatres have noticed since Monday of last week, a certain change in the character of the audiences which shows that the genius of our authorities for masterly evacuations has no bounds. It is also being discovered that the Englishman's Home, in these days of darkness and prohibition, is becoming somewhat less a temple of virtue and respectability than in former days. People with houses, flats and chambers in the close vicinity of the theatres have now discovered themselves to be extraordinarily popular. An Englishman's house was formerly his castle. Now it is his Elephant and Castle.

***

What Next?

BUT what will the Right Hon. Chadband do when he discovers that the thirsty public is taking furiously to the Home? We have already had a new Doomsday book: will the conquerors now ring a curfew bell at eight nightly, with smacking as the penalty for all adults found out of their own beds at eight-thirty? Will the hand that rules our world rock our cradle?

"Monarchs Restored If You Wait"



KITCHENER, K.G. : "Tennant! Tenn-ant!! (wonder where that funny little brother-in-law of Asquith's has got to now?!) Ah-h, there you are, my little man! Look here, while we remember it, just jot down 'Nicholas of Montenegro' among those Kings we've got to put back, ye know, later on. Montenegro, mind! For Heaven's sake don't get 'em mixed up when the time comes!!"

The "All-is-Lost" Brigade

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO PESSIMISTS

WE do not seem to be making much progress towards that clearness of thought and moral courage which is as necessary in conducting a great campaign as even uniformed bodies or high explosives. In the leading article of the leading newspaper I came across the following sentences, apropos the Compulsion Debate:

1. Nothing matters but to win the war; nothing will matter hereafter if we lose it.

2. What would be the extent of party advantages and disadvantages, of class profits and losses, of individual success or failure, of liberties or of rights, if England were beaten and her cause were lost?

3. To be influenced by our convictions, our traditions, or our prejudices when we have to decide whether England shall retain her high place among the nations or fall from it in ruin, is simply fatuous.

THE trouble about this mental attitude is that it is utterly inconsistent with logic, historic experience, and the facts as to England's position in the present war. It is preposterously unpatriotic for the leading newspaper of any country to say that "nothing matters hereafter" if his country should be defeated in a given war. Suppose Prussia had said it after Jena, France after Leipsic, Waterloo, or Sedan, Russia after Sevastopol or Mukden, Turkey after Plevna or Lule Burgas, ourselves after the disastrous wars against America in 1776 and 1812?

TO depict any war as carrying with it only one of two possible consequences—eternal glory and happiness or eternal ruin and disgrace—is fatalism of a kind which the leader-writer would never apply to the affairs of his own life in this world or the next. When he was applying for his job on the *Times*, for instance, or entering the state of matrimony, or—perhaps—taking a financial interest in an industrial enterprise, did he see before him only two alternatives—on the one side fame, happiness, wealth, on the other disgrace, misery, destitution? Certainly he did not. He went in for the enterprise in each case hoping for generally good results, but well prepared that things might go wrong, in which case he would have to get out of his troubles as best he could. Why should his country be any less philosophical in her outlook on the future? Why should Britain not fight this war, as she has fought others, determined to secure the best possible results, but prepared, if necessary, to abide by all possible consequences, and even though the worst befall, determined *never* to regard all as lost?

IS there nobody in this supposedly sensible country that realises the possibility that this war may have *no* decisive ending: that as a war between two rival systems of alliance, it may end in a draw, and that such an ending may be the best in the long run for the peace and welfare of the whole world? Crush Germany? But Napoleon, though he trampled it under foot, never did that any more than Germany, in 1870, though she dictated peace in Paris, crushed France. No great organised nation can ever be finally crushed: it is not to the purpose of Providence that it should be. What is good for the world is that all nations should win for themselves the right to live in peace and with honour, and that is the only really ideal result of this war.

BUT to come to the actual facts as regards England. Does the *Times* not realise that even though the fortunes of the Allies on the Continent, by an almost impossible turn of the tide, went all wrong, England herself would still be inviolate so long as she was mistress of the Seas and her Empire at least able to defend itself? We did not succumb after our Allies were beaten at Austerlitz. We merely sat tight until Trafalgar, to resume the war on land until Napoleon ran himself to his final ruin.

IF Germany won this war as thoroughly as Napoleon won at Austerlitz—which she certainly will not—would the peace she dictated be likely to be any more enduring than was Napoleon's Peace of Presburg?

But Germany's enemies to-day are not as were the Allies against Napoleon. No one of them is remotely in sight of being crushed.

"Our all" is not in danger, as the *Times* says. We are stronger in relation to Germany than we were when war broke out. We are immeasurably safer from the chance of invasion than we were in August, 1914. Our Navy is overwhelming: our Armies *at home* are, or ought to be, adequate to deal with any possible attempt at invasion.

IT is right to rally the people to their maximum strength, but to talk to them as though they were faced either with the prospect of overwhelming glory or overwhelming ruin is to insult their intelligence. It is to talk to England as an Irish priest talks to an illiterate peasantry. It is to seek to rule us by superstition.

IT is scandalous piffle to say that liberties and rights will be of no avail if "England is beaten." Since when has any nation in the history of the world surrendered its rights and liberties, convictions and traditions, at the dictates of even a conqueror, let alone at those of the mere winner of a campaign fought outside its own boundaries? If the people of England are prepared to cry "All is lost" in any possible emergency of this war, then all *will* be lost—and deservedly. For such a cry is the cry of a nation of cowards. But even Lord Northcliffe cannot make us that.

V. C.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *January* 17, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

AFTER all the talk and the threats and the pleadings and the terrific final rush over that attesting business—where do you think we are? Well, just "as we were," apparently, just exactly in the same place as when the whole thing started. And I really don't quite know whether it's the Derby scheme they're still going on with, or what, now. But the point is that no one need have worried it seems — not about *their* fate, anyway. The whole show's begun over again, and nothing's going to happen in the way of compulsion till the end of next month, if then.

* * *

"London seems fuller than ever of people bent on spending and enjoyment"

REMINDS one rather—doesn't it?—of those generally somewhat shady shops, where you see "positively the last week of sale" stuck up again and again, week after week, and which usually end by going bust altogether. Hope it's not an omen.

* * *

MEANWHILE—well, we've been going pretty thoroughly through the mill, haven't we? The Gallipoli evacuation was a powder in jam, certainly, because of the wonderful way they did it. But with it we had to digest that so belated and tragic and terrible dispatch of Sir Ian Hamilton's—a literary document, or meant to be, but I'm not sure, you know, that a perfectly simple style isn't, perhaps, better suited to "the purple dignity of tragedy." Doesn't take so long to compile, anyway. For, according to the Under-Secretary for War, that's why we had to wait such a weary while for it — the General was "polishing up his style."

* * *

IT'S all been discussed *ad lib*, of course, in every club and at every dinner-table all the week, and so I'll say no more about it. Words avail so terribly little in the face of things so big as this, and I don't know that there's any lesson to be learnt from it either, except that—

"There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear,"

and that war's a business and an immense one, and can't be run by incompetents any more than smaller ones.

* * *

AND it's something, isn't it, a nice, big, comforting something, to know that our men are heroes, every one of them? Men not brought up to heroics, either. The Anzacs on their farms and our Terriers in their quiet English country places had had nothing in their lives to prepare them to face the most awful ordeal that mortal man has ever confronted. But they did it, wonderfully, romantically, almost incredibly.

* * *

THE worst of it is that the price of heroism is so dreadfully high. The hero who sleeps pays it all in one big sum, and there's this, too, that the things men do in company are not, perhaps, the most difficult things. But the lonely women who mourn him go on paying all their lives. And though it's bad enough here in England, where we have so many distractions and live so snug and close together, it must be far worse in some of those far corners of the Empire, where the sons have gone, and the old people and the women are left quite alone, with no one to inherit the result of all the years and years of hardship and labour and struggle.

* * *

ANOTHER great subject for talk during the week has been that rather startling

(*Continued on page 90*)

"You must resign yourself to fairly fighting every inch of your way home"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 89*)

suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's that we ought to keep our army down so's to keep our trade up. But it hasn't, of course, at all worried us. Living in London now, you see, and pr'aps even more so up North, where they're richer than ever, it's almost impossible for anyone short of a financial expert to realise that there's even a prospect that we might at any time run short of cash.

* * *

I BELIEVE there positively aren't any things left at some of the shops, such was the wild rush for bargains at the sales (which aren't allowed at all in Germany in war-time). In fact, they say people have gone to them who've never done such a vulgar thing before in all their expensive lives. War economy, *they* call it, of course. But, as everyone knows, there's only one *real* economy, and that's to do without things.

* * *

BUT there's not much of that about, less than ever, I think, with the start of this fatal and fateful year of 1916. London seems fuller than ever of people bent on enjoyment and spending. One revue, they say, made £1,000 more profit in the first week of the New Year—a horrid black war-week, by the way—than it has in any week before, even when there wasn't a war.

* * *

DURING the after-theatre hour at night, if you don't happen to have a car or to be among the lucky ones to secure one of the few taxi-drivers who haven't retired on a comfortable competence, you must resign yourself to fairly fighting every inch of your way home, in any and every kind of conveyance — train, 'bus, tube, tram—that goes where you want to go to.

* * *

AND that's that, as the poet says, in London—now, though there *are* just a *few* war economies. A Committee's sitting on army economies for one thing—only Committees are so thorough—aren't they?—that by the time it comes to any decision I 'spect we'll have forgotten there ever was a war. And the Court, of course, has economised all along, first in drinks, and never entertaining anyone, then in cutting out some of the officials there wasn't any work for, and now they say they've turned off the steam heat in the passages at Buckingham Palace, as it's such a warm winter.

* * *

I'T'LL remind just a few of them, p'raps, of Victorian days, when from all accounts—and there've been plenty—you had to wander for hours along miles of passages before you even smelt a fire, and to ask for one in your bedroom, or even a hot-water bottle in your bed, smacked of something like high treason.

"A cavalryman has laid me a box of cigarettes or a pair of gloves to a mouth-organ that 'the fair Helen of the nimble pen' can't draw a horse 'lepping' for nuts"
(This is the fair Helen's answer to the challenge)

ANOTHER economy's the no-Sunday post one, which I know I'll hate bitterly when I'm in the country. But they say it costs £2,000 a week or something to pay postmen to deliver letters on the Day of Rest, and I really think even I could suggest a better way of spending war-money than that. It would keep quite a lot of our disabled men—those tragic aftermaths of war—in quite a lot more ease and comfort than they get now, for instance, wouldn't it?

* * *

AND talking of improvements, there's at last, thank goodness, the beginnings of a movement to try and reduce a bit the fearful noises of this dear, but nerve-destroying, London of ours, which, I'm sure, I don't know why anybody ever lives in except, as Thackeray said, to enjoy the country when they get to it, although it may be the only place in which, as someone else has put it, the child can grow completely into the man.

* * *

IN Parliament last week the Home Secretary was asked if he couldn't do anything about it, specially the whistling for taxis, 'cos it dreadfully disturbs our woundeds, not to speak of the hard-worked officials (M.P.'s, I suppose), who need rest. Not that the wounded, the Tommies, anyway, mind noise quite so much as people think. The convalescents sit out in front of their London hospitals, in the middle of the roar and crash of traffic, and seem quite to enjoy it, and I've met some in country hospitals so bored stiff with the peace and quiet (or dulness) that they'd have given their heads for the sights and smells of any old city.

* * *

BUT it'll be one good result of the war, anyway, won't it, if it does quieten down the hubbub of this great city only a very little?

* * *

APROPOS of our fighting men and their funny little habits, it's amusing the way those of them just back to Blighty from Flanders simply pepper their talk with alleged French words which acquire an added and distinctly piquant flavour when uttered in the strongest Cockney or Scotch or Lancashire accents. They really have got quite into the language now, you know, and even into the B.E.F. theatre programmes, one of which someone's just sent me from Flanders—"The first attempt at pantomime in France," titled "The Babes in the W (censored)."

* * *

THE hero is described—in those little biographical notes which always add to the charms of panto-programmes—as "a plucky *garçon*" and the heroine as "necessary in the show for the Prince to carry on with—*Compree*?" The chief villain has "done

(*Continued on page 92*)

Wife of the C.-in-C. in East Africa

AND ORGANISER OF THE HOSPITAL BAG FUND

Photograph A RECENT PORTRAIT OF LADY SMITH-DORRIEN [*Russell*

Whose husband, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, was recently appointed to the Chief Command of the British Forces in East Africa. By means of the fund which she organised, Lady Smith-Dorrien has been able to supply over half a million hospital bags to hospitals all over the world. These bags are most necessary adjuncts of hospital equipment, for in them are placed the small personal belongings of wounded men when their uniforms are removed

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 90)

beaucoup-C.B.," and two minor ones "on or off the stage, would steal the *au lait* out of your coffee." Scene I., the Haunted Glade, is "a *bon* place to bring your girl to, *savey*?"

* * *

I RATHER like, too, the local colour in the advertisements. One of them is:

LIGHTNING & CO.,
ELECTRICIANS
Let us fit up your dug-out with electric lice.

And it quite recalls "home sweet home," to read of the musical director that he is the real hero, "as he has to see the show every night."

* * *

BY the way, a cavalry man has laid me a pair of gloves or a box of cigarettes to a mouth-organ that "the fair Helen of the nimble pen" can't draw a horse "lepping" for nuts. That's why, he seems to think, she's never drawn a picture of his graphic story of how, when the cavalry do get a proper job at last, they'll go fairly lepping over the German trenches and so on straight through to Berlin. Righto, and also Wouff Wouff! It's a bet. See the pictures. And my size is sixes, please.

NO. THESE TWO OFFICERS ARE NOT DISCUSSING THE WAR

By Wilmot Lunt

QUITE a lot of new books out as usual for the New Year—considering. But I'm told few are doing better than the two most lately censored, Mr. Lawrence's, which is all about love, of course, and Mr. Upton Sinclair's. Believe they're both running into any number of editions, which doesn't look as if the public worried much about what the libraries think good (or bad) for their morals, does it, or that it's got no money to buy books with either?

* * *

ONE of the "war" ones I've just read—Mr. John Morse's "An Englishman in the Russian Ranks"—tells what a lot of women there are in the Russian army. Peasant women help dig the trenches, too, and he saw the celebrated woman Colonel of Cossacks. "She wore male dress, rode astride, and was pleasant-faced and not the least fierce-looking, though of unflinching courage under any circumstances and almost worshipped by her soldiers."

* * *

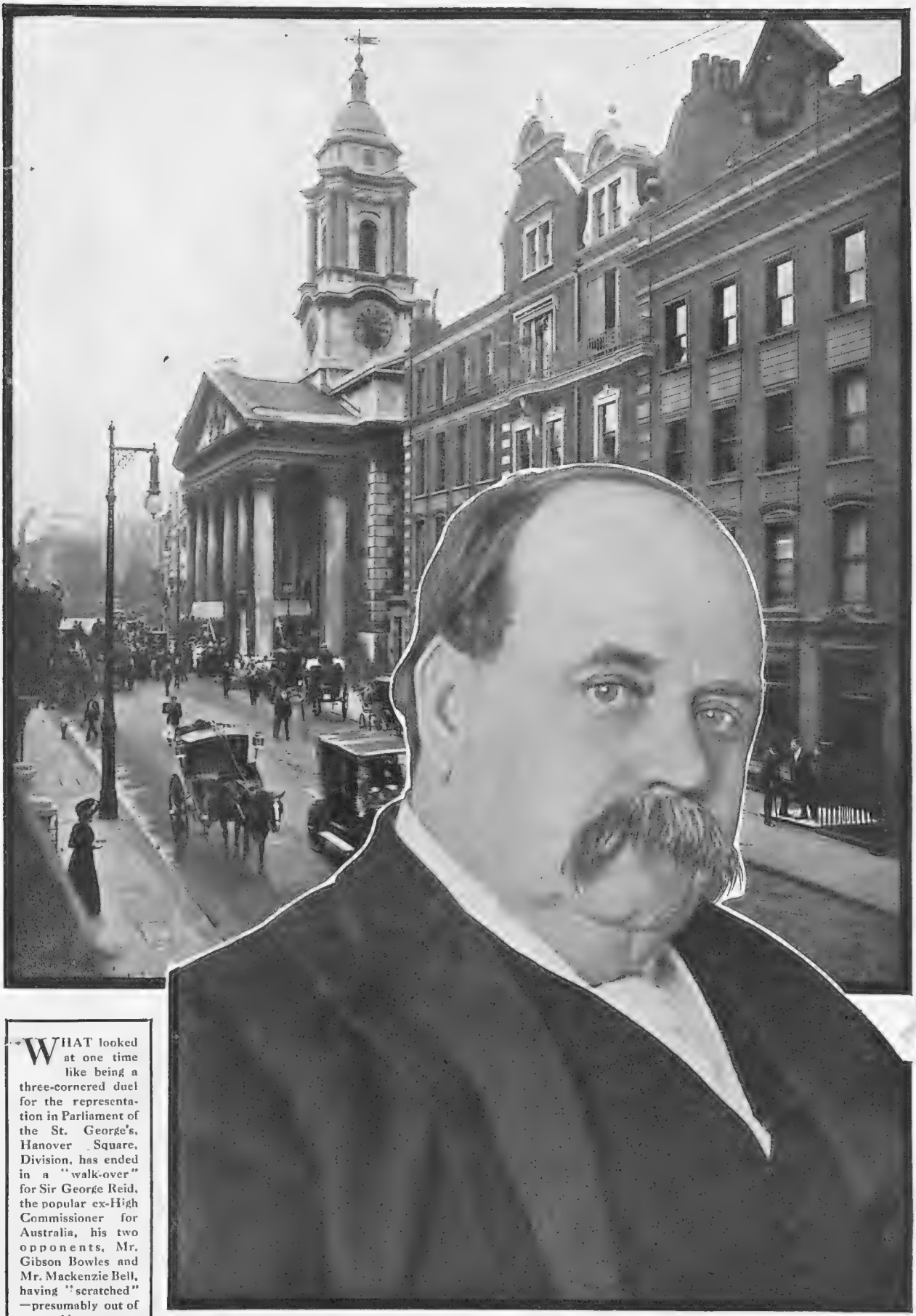
AND some remarks about the Hun Crown Prince are specially interesting just now when rumour's so rife about the Kaiser's serious illness. "He was often as drunk as a lord—a German lord, and it's told on the best authority that he beat his wife, the Crown Princess, so badly that she left the palace and took refuge in the house of a nobleman."

* * *

SUCH a soft, spring-like, nice, mild, muggy January we're having that there's quite a commotion, I'm told, in the flying and flowering world, buds bursting and birds mating, and so forth. And us women, too, singing pæans of praise and thankfulness to the Providence that controls these things. Clothes, the right ones, you see, are hardly what our grandmothers called either sensible or sufficient—not the town ones, anyway. So a mild winter's a priceless boon, 'specially when life's one long hen-party like it is to-day and there's no one to keep us warm.

Jane Flanche

Sir George's Hanover Square



WHAT looked at one time like being a three-cornered duel for the representation in Parliament of the St. George's, Hanover Square, Division, has ended in a "walk-over" for Sir George Reid, the popular ex-High Commissioner for Australia, his two opponents, Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. Mackenzie Bell, having "scratched"—presumably out of compliment to Anzac intrepidity.

Photograph *Hoppé*

SIR GEORGE REID, M.P.

For St. George's, Hanover Square—and the Australian Commonwealth

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

PROBLEMS OF THE COMING PEACE

II.—Will There Be Revolution?

WHILE the House of Commons debates as to how best to capture German trade when the war *is* over, men who know most of industry are wondering whether we shall keep our own. They realise that everything depends not on treaties, but on men, and from the particularly blatant goose that lays our industrial eggs no one knows what to expect.

A SHREWD, very successful, and intensely patriotic merchant startled his listeners a couple of days ago with the announcement "After the war I shall have to buy everything from Germany."

"Why, why?" demanded three or four at once.

"Because we are in for a Revolution," he replied grimly. And he quietly developed his point of view.

"ON the close of the war," he insisted, "the demand upon industry will be such as the world has never known. Take the devastated countries only. Whole kingdoms must be rebuilt, re-established, re-stocked. Railways, bridges, engineering works of every kind, industrial plant, and in the meantime goods, goods of every conceivable sort until their own home manufacturers can supply the need. In addition to this our own shipping has to be made good, and our own stocks sadly require replenishing.

"AND," said he, "money will be dear and very scarce. Taxation will be stifling. Everything that everyone makes will be most costly, and the cost of living will rise far beyond what it is now. Wages will *not* rise. They simply cannot rise. Indeed, they will fall. If they do not fall we shall be unable to compete with America, Germany, and Japan. Unless they fall we shall lose the business. And when they fall—heigho, for the Revolution!"

THIS worthy merchant went further. "War—successful war only secures territory. Territory means nothing—really. Nothing in any final sense. Industry is the source of life, and if Great Britain or Germany or any other country had all the territory in the world and some other country got the trade, the really triumphant invader would be the military loser, and he would enjoy the privileges of an industrial cuckoo. We may win on the battlefield and the British workman may still lose the war for us; or we might even lose on the battlefield and he might still win it for us. The war, in any case, will neither be won nor lost until a year or two after the Peace."

WITHIN certain limits and with the obvious qualifications, I imagine that most thinkers will endorse these views. The outstanding qualification, of course, is that no country should be so utterly subjugated as to be industrially knocked out. If, for instance, Germany successfully invaded us and smashed us up and held us, she would take over our natural trading facilities just as we should do were we to achieve a similar military miracle in her case. But the sweets of victory are Trade, and Trade certainly does depend on Capital, which will be short, and on Labour, which will be very, very greedy, and, as usual, utterly ignorant of the agony it is preparing for itself.

NOW as to Labour. I have made very careful inquiries. There may quite easily be a Revolution, but it will be—if it comes—a very remarkable Revolution If it comes—such is my considered view—it will not be a contest between Labour and Capital, but between Labour and Labour. Hey presto, what a time to live in!

I ALWAYS fight shy of rough distinctions, but I hazard a very rough one at the outset. Stated in the crudest way—we must subdivide later—there are two classes of labour at the moment. The Labour in the trenches and the Labour in the factories and shops. For the moment we will accept these two classes as if they covered the whole field.

FOR a generation Socialists have been proclaiming that man is the creature of his environment. Now, war is a great environment manufacturer. And war has been forcefully and fatefully busy, playing wizard tricks with men under two very different sets of conditions. And the results are fascinatingly conflicting. Let us see what war has done for the workers at home and also for the millions in khaki.

THEY are the same people and come of the same stock. Until the war broke they lived the same life, married or did not marry the same sort of woman, lived in the same sort of homes, read or did not read the same sort of papers, went to the same sort of football matches, drank the same drinks, and found expression in the same sort of language. But the war came, and some went and others stayed at home.

THE stay-at-homes stumbled upon plenty beyond all their dreaming. Their incomes doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and more. The country was in peril, and Labour held up the country to harsh ransom. The more they got, the more they demanded, and they got all they demanded, and wasted most of it. And their sons and their brothers in the trenches endured privations and wounds and death. They received in money for a day's hourly peril of death less, and far less, than their relatives extorted for a single hour in the safety of the workshop. All Labour at home will be able to say to the drawn, weary men is, "While you've been in hell we've had a hell of a time. The brass is all gone, and now you come back to cheapen our labour. D——n you." And really, upon my soul, the trench men will not like it. Next week I will show what is likely to happen.

"Helping to Get On With the War"

SOME PHASES OF FEMININE ACTIVITY

THE MAID OF THE MILL—NEW STYLE

Carrying a sack of maize

THE LADY BARRISTER

Lady Eliza Rose, who appeared in Court in wig and gown to be told by the Judge not to masquerade in that costume in Court

LADY MUNITIONIST PHOTOGRAPHED

Resting in the intervals of helping the local miller

PATRIOTISM IN EXTREMIS

The pedal extremities of a lady whose zeal for her country's cause has now travelled from top to toe, so that her very stockings are embroidered with the flags of the gallant Allies. How can a nation possessing such daughters fail to triumph over an unscrupulous foe?

Will Lying Become Permanent?

ANOTHER AFTER-THE-WAR PROBLEM!

DEAR BYSTANDER—

You ask for suggested questions for after the war. Here is one: Will our authorities continue in peace-time that system of announcing the "news" which is at present the wonder of the neutral and the envy of the enemy? For systematic prevarication, no belligerent in the present war equals our own authorities, and I say this as an unmitigated patriot.

Our authorities have simply lost the capacity to tell the plain truth about anything that happens. The attitude seems to be as follows:

The British public cannot stand bad news. But bad news is inevitable (under our management, it is the only kind of news that comes in). In order to serve up to the public, take a despatch and from it extract a sentence or two that may, with a little touching up and a few headlines, be represented as a "glorious victory." Send it out to the Press. Next day publish another selected item from the despatch, this time a little less favourable. On the third day, perhaps, you may issue a doctored version of the main part of the despatch, which reveals that the engagement at first given out as a "GLORIOUS VICTORY" was, in reality, a bloody fiasco. This method—successfully followed in the case of Neuve Chapelle, Suvla Bay, Loos, Ctesiphon, etc.—works out somewhat as follows:

THE FACTS

Large British forces attempted a combined attack along the whole line, which was completely repulsed, save on the extreme right, where for a few hours (prior to the counter-attack) we occupied some of the enemy's trenches, capturing a few hundreds of prisoners. On the centre and left we suffered enormous losses in men and material, and made no progress.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT—FIRST DAY

GLORIOUS BRITISH VICTORY. ENEMY ROUTED IN MEGALOMANIA. PRISONERS CAPTURED. HOT PURSUIT.

SECOND DAY

MEGALOMANIA VICTORY. FURTHER DETAILS

After securing the brilliant victory described yesterday our forces on the right, having successfully located the enemy, resumed their original positions. . . .

THIRD DAY

MEGALOMANIA CAMPAIGN. HEAVY FIGHTING

Attacks by the enemy on our centre and left proceeded vigorously throughout the day, but in no case were they successful, save for a few trenches at Muck-Up, where we, etc., etc.

The public, thanks to this process, sails blissfully on, unconscious of the fact that what really happened was the collapse of a British offensive. Only when it is announced that a General has returned home for ill-health, or "to report," is a rat smelt. But directly any question is asked, Parliament is adjourned, or is made to get busy over Compulsion, Thrift, Munitions, or some other "inevitable aid to victory." We are never allowed, by the revelation of the Truth, to arrive at the One Great Conclusion, and that is that the only "inevitable aid to victory" is *generalship*.

Shall we, in peace-time, continue this systematic falsification? Will the "also rans" at Epsom and Ascot be announced as winners? Will Aston Villa, in reporting the loss of a football match, announce only its own goals and suppress all reference to those of Sheffield United? Will a popular cricketer who is bowled out first time be reported to have "left the wicket owing to indisposition"? Will railway collisions, fires, explosions, etc., be announced several months after they have happened, with names and districts suppressed? Will Ministers continue to issue their own reports of their own public meetings, suppressing all allusions to disorder? Perhaps not. Perhaps Truth, herself, after the war, will be recalled from the bottom of the well "to report." But officials who have lied for three years or the duration of the war are likely to find the habit has become chronic.

Yours inquiringly,

ROSA DARTLE

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN MESOPOTAMIA

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR PERCY LAKE

Chief of the General Staff in India, who has been appointed to the chief command in Mesopotamia, which his predecessor, General Nixon, was compelled to relinquish owing to ill-health

A Popular "Turn" at the German Empire

(TWICE NIGHTLY)

"Now, Joe, is it true that you ever thought of a separate Peace?"
"Never!" (Loud applause)

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

THE young Prince of Wales has achieved one of the most striking personal successes of the war. He is more than popular in Flanders. He is even invested by Tommy with the supernatural qualities of the mascot. "'Ere comes our little bit of good luck," was his whispered trench welcome a week or two ago. He takes his risks whenever they come his way, and makes friends everywhere. "There's not an ounce of 'side' about him," an enthusiastic subaltern writes to me, "and as for swank, he does not know what it is. I wish some of our brass hats——!"

FRANKLY, at first H.R.H. was suspect. Tommy labelled him "This side up with care and for use at the Base only!" And so in the early weeks it proved to be. But the Prince himself changed that. He flatly refused to "play" at soldiering. He would do the real job or nothing. After a delicate, difficult, and long contest he got his way. His pluck, keenness and sense of honest duty have vastly increased the anxieties of H.Q., but by our millions of fighting men they will never be forgotten. This recognition will be a bulwark to the Throne.

AN indignant Irish Unionist M.P. suggests to me that a short Act of Parliament should be passed providing that "The War shall apply to Nationalist Ireland." He assures me that except for the abuse of recruiting agents one would never imagine that we were at war at all. Even the great O'Leary was shouted down, and he was a Nationalist of the Nationalists, skilfully stage-managed by the artful Tay Pay. Indeed, the story runs that when Michael's V.C. was announced an old lady exclaimed, "Glory be to God, and how many of the Saxons did the darlint murther?"

SEEMINGLY Ireland still stands where she did, despite Mr. Redmond's rhetorics, but winnowing facts from prejudice we remember that the Registration Act did not apply to Erin, and that the Military Service Bill is to leave her untouched. Also, in Ireland there is racing as usual (Mr. Redmond saw to that), and elections as usual, and blessed be the words, liquor as usual. Now, then, who books first for Queenstown?

I HAVE had several requests for my copy of the trench magazine of the Irish Guards. But "Quidnunc" wants to keep it. Mrs. "Quidnunc"—who ought to know better—for once shares my literary tastes.

IS it true that a handful of the sons of naturalised Germans went soldiering with the Australians, professing loyalty the most fervent? Is it true that some of them "mistook" their comrades for the enemy; and is it true that——? But the Australians stand neither nonsense nor treachery. Their present ideas on the subject of the "naturalised" are as sensible as their methods were drastic.

REALLY, Mr. Asquith deserves a new name. He should be known as "Old Put-them-to-Sleep!" The wily gentleman who conceived of the brilliant ruse of absenting himself from the House and contesting a wholly unnecessary by-election when the Ulster ferment was at its highest, has fashioned a prolonged week-end into an orgy of lotus-eating. His working

(*Continued on page 100*)

CAPTAIN DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.P.

On his way from the House of Commons to his Club, after delivering a vigorous attack on Mr. Outhwaite, who would, if "out at the Front" with Captain Campbell, have been "hanged by the thumbs." The M.P. for North Ayrshire suffered the loss of the use of his left arm some time ago, and (in the uniform of the Black Watch) has since been a well-known figure about Town

A Highness in High Command

Photograph *W. and D. Downey*

H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK

Who has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General while serving on the General Staff. The appointment is significant as showing that in the British Army promotion has to be earned even by the Queen's brother. Had he been in the German Army Prince Alexander would probably have been by now in command of an Army Corps at the very least

THINGS THAT DON'T MATTER (concluded from page 98)

motto seems to be, "Put up the shutters and send them away until they cool down."

* *

THIS would be charming and infinitely diverting were there no need for haste. But when the King wants men (see the posters of the worthy Sir Headley le Paste-pot) it seems to be droll that the King's servants should take their ease.

* *

WHEN the war is over I feel sure that we shall start enrolling in earnest—to show that there are some of us left alive. And we shall even have lots of guns then just to prove to the Germans how lucky it is that they have not all been killed. And the sword that "we shall not sheathe" will be offered as a prize in *Comic Cuts*. As for Peace, we may be sure that we shall enjoy it for quite a long time before the Press Bureau hesitatingly announces it; and one day we shall make the thrilling discovery that Ministers who were "too late" in everything cashed their salary-cheques on the day they received them.

* *

IT is only because we are profoundly grateful to Australia that Sir George Reid has been chosen for St. George's, Hanover Square. Had we thought of ourselves we should not have looked beyond Mr. Gibson Bowles. In these days of a famine of brains we need Mr. Gibson Bowles in the Commons—yes, and his brilliant son who sat for Norwood. And when is Mr. Harold Cox to be asked to help us? All these are men—not nut-megs. At present, of course, there is no Unionist Party, but there are Whips, and there is still a Central Office. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*!

TRADITIONALLY the North Country leads the way. "What Lancashire thinks to-day, etc." How true that has proved to be. Well, Lancashire and the North damn the Government utterly. And yet the Whips of both Great Parties are still trying to square everything. And the absurd Party truce is still pleaded as justification for the selection of nincompoops when we need *men*! Will anyone ever wake up?

* *

I HAVE had a sheaf of letters from the Army on my paragraphs on the kind of womanly woman our soldiers want. They all agree, and seemingly most of them are still looking for her. By way of reply to many appeals I must decline to help them in their quest. But what about the rest of us? It seems to me that we are in for a perilous time.

* *

OF course, Mrs. "Quidnunc" (God bless her) will look after me, but I am thinking of dear good bachelor friends who have lived blameless lives, and who, what with these liquor regulations, have enough trouble on hand. Already they go home in squads. Are they really to be driven into battalions? What with women waitresses, women conductors, ticket punchers, train cleaners, postmen, and morality patrols no one has a sporting chance. And who knows that before long *they* will not start manœuvring in squads and battalions also? It simply comes to this—no one will be safe outside the trenches.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

"Still slacking, I see"

"Hush! We call it Quaking now"

Making Assurance Doubly Sure

SERGEANT: "'Aving lunged and pierced your henemy you proceeds to withdraw your baynit, when you will give it a twist to the left, thus making the wound not only mortal but HINCURABLE!"

After the Evacuation

A NIGHTMARE OF GALLIPOLI

At present being experienced nightly by homebirds from the Peninsula

BY SECOND-LIEUT. C. E. B. BERNARD

"Somewhere in Flanders"

POST-YULETIDE REFLECTIONS

DEAR BYSTANDER—

...ile has come and gone, and labouring—as I ...—beneath a weight of matutinal misery ...ch is the inevitable sequence to the deglutition ...opious quantities of French wine mixed with ...d rum, essential to the proper observance of ...as festivity, I do most heartily endorse the ...nt expressed by my servant in his letter to ...e this morning—"trusting this *don't* find you ...aves me at present!"

⁂ ⁂

IT was quite a merry Christmas, but I don't think there was much talk of fraternising between the lines this season as was the case in 1914; for any man who has ever seen the colour of his mate's face as he gasps and sobs in agony to free his lungs from gas will never feel he wants to make pleasant chatty conversation to a German so long as he still remains his enemy.

⁂ ⁂

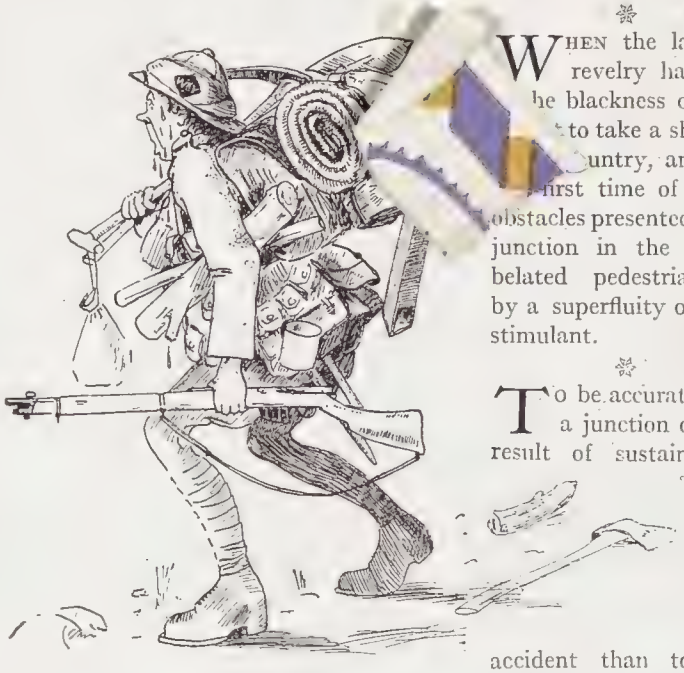
CONTRARY to fairly general expectation, the Boches did not attempt to attack, though early in the afternoon they broke out into a frenzied hate which finished abruptly at 5 p.m., the idea, apparently, being to get the daily frightfulness off their chests in a hurry so as to allow them to give up the remainder of the day to the delights of jollification, and as this arrangement was found to be very suitable by all concerned, during the rest of the afternoon and night not a single shot was fired.

⁂ ⁂

THE concert at which I was privileged to be present was an overwhelming success, and did the men a vast amount of good, particularly Private Nibsworth, who had been in hospital convalescing from a bad attack of pleurisy. For this special occasion he was given permission at noon to spend exactly one hour at the concert. At the high tide of his alcoholic ebullition, at about the hour of midnight and while in the act of giving his celebrated imitation of Mr. George Robey, he had the misfortune to mistake his friend, Private Tupper, for a —— German, and being counted out in the middle of the third round, he went back to his hospital in an ambulance, greatly benefited by the change of air and surroundings.

⁂ ⁂

PERHAPS the success of the evening was "The Two Drolls" (Backchat Comedians), whose backchat, commencing with the usual humorous badinage common to the occasion, degenerated rapidly under the mellowing influence of the Bacchanalian banquet into a mutual exchange of offensive personalities that contributed vastly to the enlivenment of the entertainment, though they were closely run for popularity by a sentimental corporal who rendered "I Know of Two Bright Eyes" with such a world of pathos and feeling that towards the second verse, carried away by a sudden wave of alcoholic emotion, he caused no little embarrassment to the Colonel by coming to a sudden full stop, and regarding the orbs of that gallant officer with such a display of tender solicitude and yearning as to reduce the house to a condition of weeping hysteria.



"A HORSE, A HORSE, MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE"

(From a sketch by Sergt. Cowell, a wounded Australian from Gallipoli)

⁂ ⁂

WHEN the last sounds of revelry had died away ...he blackness of the night I ... to take a short cut home ...untry, and learnt for ...irst time of the amazing ...obstacles presented by a railway junction in the dark to the belated pedestrian burdened by a superfluity of compulsory stimulant.

⁂ ⁂

TO be accurate, it had been a junction once, but as a result of sustained Teutonic effort it now bears a closer resemblance to a vast railway accident than to a shuffling ground for rolling stock.

⁂ ⁂

I HAD forgotten my torch, and relied upon the trench flares to guide me on my way. I stumbled over torn-up metals, fell down shell craters containing two feet of water and one of mud, manœuvred through an erstwhile signal box, climbed over the shell of an engine boiler or something, and found myself back by the jaded booking-office where I had first started from. I did this twice, but by the time I had gone through the performance over again the flares had practically ceased to go up at all.

⁂ ⁂

AND then a great weariness came suddenly upon me, and I realised the futility of further toil on the occasion of the season of joyous Noel. So selecting the hulk of a first-class carriage I took particular note of the position of the *Signal d'alarme*—a useful thing to know in the case of a sudden German offensive—and resisting all temptation to *se pencher en dehors*, I curled comfortably upon a nice piece of soft upholstery, and passed gently into the arms of Morpheus.

Yours ever, JACK JOHNSON

Old Saws and New Mea

There is certainly a lot of truth in that Napol

nings—By Bairnsfather

nic maxim, "An army moves on its stomach"

The Bystander in Paris

"SNAWFLY DELICATE SUBJECT!"

"Snawfly delicate subject," he said; "snawfly awkward thing to talk about." I don't know whether it was because Christmas is in the so recent past, but I wanted to put him under the spacious wing of a nice maternal turkey-hen. He was one of those very pink new subalterns whose moustaches look so much like little yellow feathers that you expect him to say "Cheep!" when you pick him up and smooth him down. And you always are smoothing him down, because he's always so nervous, though you couldn't pick him up with comfort because there are six hefty feet and some inches of him.

So when the little Vicomtesse wanted to know whether the British authorities were taking any precautions "of *this* kind," and produced a neat little 1915 Christmas card with the picture of a French soldier of 1936 on it—"Snawfully delicate subject," was Tiny's appeal to me. Second-Lieut. Tiny, of the 45th Damitalls, rubbed his ankles together till the tea-table at the Mirabeau fairly squeaked, and blushed till I wanted to have a window opened. "Snawfully——." "Tiny, if you say that again I shall kick you," I said, forgetting my respect for His Majesty's uniform.

But Tiny was right because . . . well, you see, our Allies, the French, are quite outspoken about these matters, and the card which the Vicomtesse produced showed the soldier of 1936 in his mother's arms with nothing at all on him but a little French *képi*. Tiny wouldn't, or can't, tell us what you are doing at home in these matters, but the few blushes I ever had have got a hard glaze on them now, and I have lost all recollection of what shame really is. So I don't mind telling you that things are so cheery here, just now, that the French authorities are going in for thoroughness, a French edition of the German brand—one might call it kultur with a "c." There is no shortage of men in France at the front, or in the reserves. That being so, six days leave for a specific purpose is being granted right and left in France, and. . . . Well, I believe that even one of the pre-war shrieking and aggressively virgin sisterhood would enjoy a peep at Paris from the 1936 soldier point of view, just now.

For the last few weeks it has been difficult to meet a *poilu* from the Front alone in Paris. And his wife, bless her, wears such a happy smile. It is, of course, as Tiny said, a somewhat delicate subject, but the little Vicomtesse asked me if I dared to be a patriot, bet me a bag of *marrons glacés* and some piano records for the Pathéphone that I wouldn't do it, and—and I want some new records, and I love *marrons glacés*. "One is Allies or one is not, *n'est-ce pas?*" said the Vicomtesse. "And, after all, we shall all want soldiers in 1936 to hold them in respect, those others."

"Oh, but I say—er—bosh, don't you know," said Tiny, who was very uncomfortable. "But, of course, to hold the *sales Boches* in respect," said the little Vicomtesse. "We French-women, too, blushed and giggled, and were silly and whispered when the Minister of War and his colleagues began their preparations." "Preparations," said I, "is excellent." "*Taisez-vous*, brigand!" said the Vicomtesse. "But now"—and she closed my opening mouth with a *petit four*, one of the sticky kind—"now we have realised that it is a common sense matter, and we know that the best way to help the Government is to talk about these preparations openly, without any false shame at and spread the idea." *mes amis.* Have I wo bet? I have told the of England what the of France want them But I'm very muc I've shocked "I However, perhaps In England—now?

"You shall not be *choqué, mon général,*" said the Vicomtesse to Tiny, as we got up to go. She powdered her absurd little nose, and he, I thought, looked longingly at the nice cool powder. (Tea at the Mirabeau is sometimes heating.) "You shall not be *choqué*, at all! *Que voulez-vous?* You shall write what I say to Monsieur Asquiss. 'Wait and see' is his politic, *n'est-ce pas? Eh bien, alors?*"

Another sign of cheeriness in Paris is that we are beginning to clamour for more light. Oh, no! We are not making ourselves unpleasant with rude questions to members of the Government, for we are rather pleased with our Government, but the general feeling of cheery optimism has resulted in a certain amount of contempt for Zeppelinades in the future. We are satisfied that our anti-aircraft guns can protect Paris. We have proved that in a very few minutes from the telephonic alarm which precedes the Zepps' arrival every light in Paris can, if necessary, be turned out, and we are asking, now, for light as usual, till the alarm comes. We rather expect to get it. It to make a heap of diff Paris when it becomes Lumière again. Trade will im the theatres will get really busy, and—well, we Paris optimists believe that light as usual will put even more vigour and zip into the armies at the front, for if the letters from home are cheery the men in the trenches always fight better. And the dark streets have caused more loss of human life than the Zeppelins ever did.

So why not?

John N. Raphael

The Communication Trench

PROBLEM—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or do another mile of this

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

In the Toils—of "Romance"—

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF DORIS KEANE

Whose impersonation of the prima-donna Cavallini, in "Romance" at the Lyric, is one of the most brilliant, bewitching and affecting performances of recent years. Its popularity confirms the suspicion that there is room in the public heart for "old world" sentimentality. The other party to the "romance" is Mr. Owen Nares, who plays the part of the American parson, Tom Armstrong, with convincing fervour

—"On the Tiles"—of Revue

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS GERTIE MILLAR

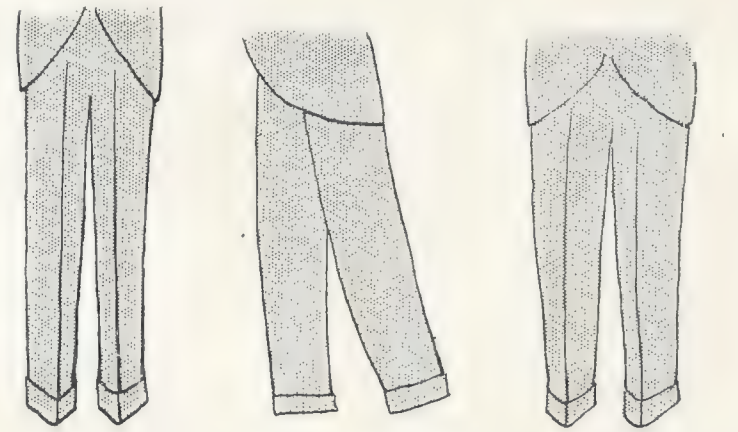
Who is the bright particular star of "Bric-à-Brac," the Palace Revue, than which there is no brighter, brisker and breezier show in Town—especially the scene "On the Tiles" in which Miss Millar is here photographed. "Cattish" is the word for it—and this time not in an uncomplimentary sense!

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

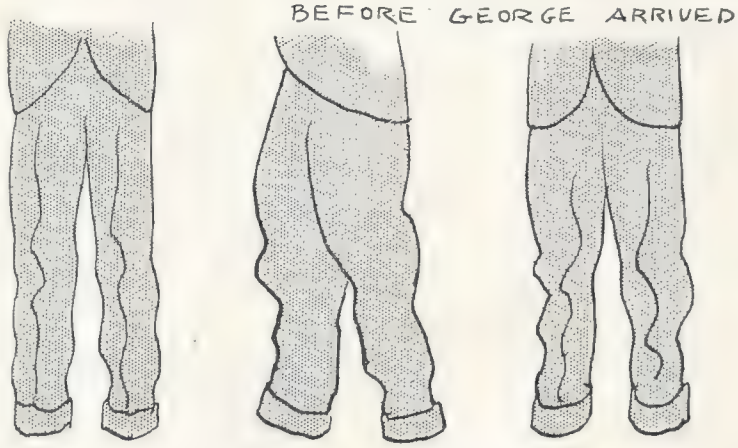
"The Basker" at the St. James's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

In case there should be any graceless reader so ill-informed as not to know what a Basker may be, I have much pleasure in explaining that a Basker is one who basks. George de Lacorfe (Sir George Alexander) is a man of wealth who loves to bask in pleasant idleness. He has found the philosopher's stone of happiness, and he likes to feel that other people are happy as well, provided always that he is not to be called upon to make any sacrifices on their account. He is a rich man of good family, and at the opening of the play is dangerously near to becoming a duke. But he keeps the shadow of this awful prospect comfortably in the background. A posthumous child is about to be born to the late duke (at least, I think that is what the complication amounted to), and as the child is certain to be a boy, George is not likely to be bothered with the tiresome heritage of the great name, and the boring social duties that it carries in its train. He has, in fact, settled down to the prospect of basking for a permanency, when the announcement comes that the expected child has been born and proves to be not a boy, but a mere girl. And there is, they say, a distressing surplus of the sex already! Consequently, to his horror, George finds himself Duke of Cheviot, with the duty of finding himself a suitable duchess and maintaining ducal state at the family seat.



HOW THE OTHER TROUSERS APPEARED BEFORE GEORGE ARRIVED



HOW THEY APPEARED AFTER GEORGE'S ARRIVAL

N.M

SARTORIAL COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS

The situation appears to George to be intolerable. First of all he has no intention of getting married; and then he hates laying foundation stones—which is, apparently, what we keep our dukes for! He wants to bask life away in the pleasant atmosphere he has created for himself without any tiresome responsibilities of any kind. This is where his grandmother, the Duchess, comes in. The Duchess is represented by Miss Genevieve Ward, a distinguished actress whom most of us have known as a great queen of tragedy in days gone by. Miss Ward is still able to assert her title proudly to be a great artist. Even among the distinguished company at the St. James's Theatre her performance stood out with quite obtrusive excellence. The Duchess, who is one of the good old school, is not above saying her "damn" with the best of them. She is the strong influence that leads George to leave off being a Basker and to take his place at the head of the ducal house in accordance with the family's honoured traditions.

George's first idea was that, although he might be duke in name, he would turn over the family estates to his cousin and next-of-kin, Richard, who would undertake all the tiresome social duties attached to his position, in return for value received. Richard, however, turns out to be a bad lot. To begin with, he is flirting dangerously with a fascinating married woman, and we all know that men of rank and station do not do that kind of thing. (I mean, I speak from hearsay, of course. I am myself not one of the elect.) When Richard expresses his

(Continued on page 112)

A Mild Melodrama of High Life

This is another of Sir George Alexander's polite melodramas, the hero being a Duke who pines for dignified obscurity. The heroine (Miss Marie Hemingway) has little to do except to look pretty, and to be a blushing bride at last; and the villain is as simple as the little time at his disposal permits

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 110)

willingness to act up to his new position by marrying a lady of his own rank, George is so pleased about it that he goes and bangs away a good three thousand pounds on a diamond tiara for the bride, and tells Richard to give the thing to her as if it came from himself. Instead, Richard goes and pawns the bauble for a mere thousand (minus, of course, the usual half-penny for the ticket), and George has all the trouble of redeeming the treasure so that it shall not go out of the family.

⊠

ABOUT this time George's valet, who has hitherto been a somewhat vapid creature, is discovered to be a diligent student of the great and glorious history of the Lacorfes. The valet even goes to the length of expatiating to his master on the magnificence of the family tradition which his Grace has inherited, and makes quite an impression. So much so, in fact, that George, having secured the wedding present, feels that he might as well be a real fighting Lacorfe and annex his cousin's bride also. This he does with the help of a little encouragement from his delightful grandmother, and at this point the polite melodrama comes to a graceful end.

JINGLE

A Soldiers' Charity Concert

ONE of the brightest soldiers' charity concerts of the New Year was given on the 7th inst. (Small Queen's Hall) in aid of the 6th Service Battalion, Somerset L.I. In addition to some charming musical numbers and some clever recitations by Mrs. Arthur Williams, Miss Gertrude Tuson, Miss Frances Dillon, some violin solos by the clever Russian boy, Elie Spirak, and some of Mr. Arthur Bleackley's "inimitable" imitations, a very clever bi-lingual playlet was rendered —*L'Entente Cordiale*—in which a French maid and a watchmaker succeed in mutually misunderstanding each other with laughable effect. The maid was played by Miss Evelyn Summers, who combines a charming personality with the prettiest of French accents, and Mr. C. Groves. Mr. Henry Ainley put in a welcome appearance with some stirring patriotic recitations. The concert was organised by Major and Mrs. Sale-Hill, the former at present recovering from a dangerous wound at the Front, and was well attended by soldiers and Society civilians.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

PRINCIPAL GIRL IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

Miss Doris Lee whose first appearance in West-End pantomime at the Lyceum Theatre has proved to be one of the successes of the season. Miss Lee is not only a singer of great charm but an actress of distinction, possessing a refined sense of humour that is all too rare on the London stage

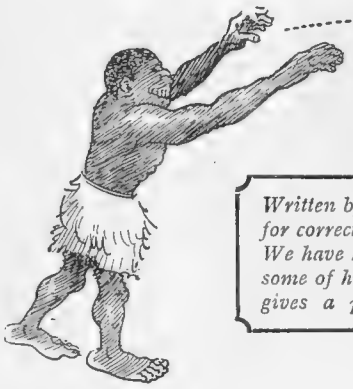
The Moving Spirit of "Joy-Land"—with Chorus

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MISS SHIRLEY KELLOG

The leading lady of the Hippodrome Revue, "Joy-Land," as she appears in the ninth scene, "Clown-Land," wherein as Mlle. Fantoche she sings—with chorus as usual—one of the most successful of her many successful songs

A Letter from the Front



Written by our own War Correspondent, and illustrated, too late for correction, by our Peace Artist, unversed in military matters. We have had to censor our correspondent's attempt to advertise some of his friends free of charge. Nevertheless, this narrative gives a picturesque peep into the perils of the War Path.

1.—At five o'clock precisely, by my chronometer supplied by Messrs. ——, I was rudely awakened by a Jack Johnson throwing me from my rocky bed to the only remaining branch of a tattered tree. In my flight I judged the distance to be

2.—Taking full advantage of this unexpected but fortunate elevation, I swept the surrounding land with my binoculars. These handy glasses fully realised what is claimed for them by —— the well-known makers. By their penetrative power I discovered to my surprise and delight a companion in distress, no other than my old friend, M. le Colonel de Lesnoix

5.—At these words his face fell. "Cheer up!" I continued, "and have a look at them," at the same time handing him my —— periscope

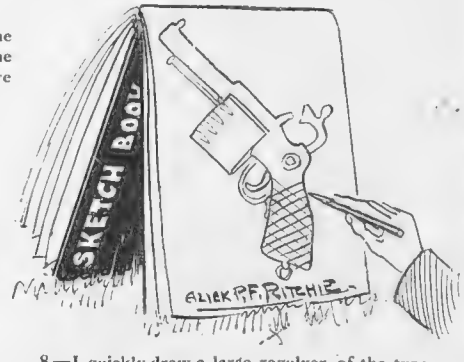
3.—Overjoyed, and with excusable emotion in the circumstances, I fell upon his neck

6.—De Lesnoix glued his right eye to the periscope. "There are fifty of them," he groaned, "and they are all armed, whilst we have no weapons"

7.—Then he ground his teeth. To put some heart into him——

(1.—*continued*)
123 yards (I have since measured my flight and find that I underestimated the distance by 1 foot 1½ inches). I attribute this discrepancy to the fact that I was only half awake at the start. I now invariably carry one of Messrs. ——'s speedometers

4.—He, in turn, was so overcome and speechles (I remember observing in the still, frosty air) that his breath kept coming in short pants. When we had recovered our erstwhile manly composure, we commenced to reconnoitre. After travelling 100 feet due N.N.E. by E. (what a useful little instrument is a compass! I am truly indebted to Messrs. ——), I suddenly heard, with my old campaigning ear, a hateful noise. "We are in a hole!" I whispered. "That is obvious, mon brave," said the Colonel, indicating with a Parisian contortion, the cup-like conformation of our surroundings. "Écoutez!" I said. The Colonel écouté and shuddered. "It is ze 'im of 'ate!" he gasped. "C'est vrai, mon vieux," I replied, "And we are within three yards of our enemy's trench"



8.—I quickly drew a large revolver, of the type manufactured solely by ——. With this formidable weapon in hand I leapt upon the astounded "Boches," who surrendered to a man, and we marched them to the trenches of France. I am thankful to Messrs. —— for the kindly loan of their excellent mouth organ, for by its powerful aid I kept them all in step to the martial music of the "Marseillaise." And so ended another monotonous morning

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Vanishing Coin

BY JAMES BLYTH

EARLY last summer three men were taking their *après déjeuner* coffee at a round-topped table in the courtyard of one of the principal hotels of a "Base" in Northern France.

The little party consisted of Lieut.-Colonel Chinnery, the Base Commandant, a heavy-featured man with an impressive solemnity of manner, his Staff-Captain, George Walters, a genial little soul with twinkling blue eyes and a sense of humour, and the Reverend Robert Stockley, a round-faced tubby little chaplain almost as genial and quite as humorous as the Staff-Captain.

The conversation turned on the various stories concerning the reported visions of Mons and the hundred and one variations which arose from Mr. Machen's story of the Bowmen.

"Never heard such tommy rot in my life!" snorted Colonel Chinnery. "How anyone can be fool enough to swallow a word of it beats me!"

"Oh! I don't know," said Stockley. "In moments of great emotional intensity, especially when one has been undergoing privations and hardships for some time, one's spiritual sight becomes abnormally rarefied. In such a condition visions are not uncommon, explain them how you will."

"Oh come, Stockley," said the Colonel, a little too superciliously. "Have *you* personally ever had any psy——psy——what d'ye call it?—psychic—that's it—experience? Have *you* ever known visions to be about?"

The little *padre* grinned. "Well," he said, "at all events I once thought I did. It was like this—and, mind you, this is a first-hand yarn, and you can rely upon its truth in every particular. You know I was curate at the fine old church of Bow before I came out at the request of some of my parishioners who had joined up—and, by the way, I'm proud of my Bow boys. No parish in England——."

"We know all about that," grunted the Colonel. "Get on with the yarn."

"All right," replied the sweet-tempered Chaplain. "You'll all remember that while the St. Eloi fight was going on every efficient man at this base was called up to the Front at an hour's notice. With this reinforcement went a lot of my Bow boys, and I was mad because Colonel Clements would not let me go with them on account of a slight touch of 'flu I had at the time. However, three days later I was fit enough to be about to see the wounded come rolling in, not so many as after Neuve Chapelle, but quite enough to make the Red Cross motor-drivers earn their pay and to make one's heart sick at the brutality of war."

"Oh come! I say!" protested the captain.

"War *is* bestial and brutal in these days," insisted the chaplain. "There is no pomp and majesty about asphyxiating gases or high explosive shells. It is simply sheer murder. I admit it throws the superb courage of our men into high relief, but it is a beastly business for all that, and ——."

"May I suggest that this is *not* the yarn?" commented the Colonel drily. "Very interesting, no doubt, as an exposition of the ecclesiastical point of view, but——."

"All right, all right," said Bob Stockley, patiently. "I'll get on. The day after the first batch of wounded came in I went through the wards of Hospital 16, the one fronting the *plage*, you know, where they are making bonfires of the men's clothes on the slopes of the *falaises*. One can't help going tip-toe through the wards of the wounded. On all sides one sees either the ghastly trench glare of the poor fellows' eyes or the twitching of some face as each pulsation causes an agony of pain. Some were lying in the merciful stupor produced by the hypodermic needle, but very few; others were rocking in their beds from their torment. But nowhere was there a groan; nowhere did one of the gallant men give voice to the sufferings which rent him.

"The smell of carbolic was sweet and clean, the faces of the only two nurses who could be spared for the one ward were pleasant and fresh. But the effect was more depressing, and at the same time encouraging, than that of anything I ever experienced.

"As I passed one bed I heard a hail. 'Hullo, *padre*.' I looked round to see a cheerful face grinning at me. It was the boy known as Carroty Simmons, a boy I had known as a promising boxer in the recreation-rooms attached to my parish at home. He was evidently not dangerously wounded, for his face was healthily coloured and he seemed cheeriness itself.

"'I sat down on the foot of his bed. 'Why, Simmons,' I said, 'how did you get hit?'

"'Well, ye see, sir,' he replied, 'that was like this.'

"Then suddenly he went 'puppuppup! oh lord!' in an attempt to check a roar of laughter. But he could not keep it in, and his bed shook with his merriment. 'Oh, lor!' he gasped. 'I mustn't do that! It hurts too much. But it's just come home to me like! Oh, lor! Oh, don't let me laugh no more!'

"He stopped laughing from, I believe, the sheer agony it caused him. 'You see,' he continued at last, 'me and Barny Salmon was next each other in the trench when the Huns was firin' like a bloomin' machine-gun. I'd popped my head up, and our trench weren't none too deep. So Barny says, givin' me one on the top of the skull, "lay low, you fool! You'll be gettin' hit next."

'"I'll lay you half a dollar," I says, "as you're hit afore me." "Done," he says. 'Well, we'd hardly made the bet when a bloomin' Mauser bullet took me in the left wrist, went clean through, and brought up somewheres in my gentle buzzim. That knocked me out for a moment, but I was soon up again, for I was blood hot and didn't feel it proper yet. "Hand over that half dollar," says Barny, holdin' out his hand as cool as you please. He'd raised hisself to claim his money, and as his head was sideways to me a bullet took him fair in the right temple, and he fell over as

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(Continued on page 116.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 115)

dead as a red herrin'. No wonder them call 'em sodjers! Now that's only just come home to me how mad he must be 'cos he can never get that half dollar. Puppuppup! Oh, lor! Don't let me laugh no more!'

"I did my best to keep a straight face and to show the misguided youth how wrong his merriment was in such circumstances. And when he had quieted down I left him, promising to look him up again in a day or two.

"It was three days before I could find time to get to Hospital 16 again. I had so many wounded to visit, and they were so widely dispersed. When I saw Carroty the next time there was a great change in him. He looked frightened. He kept glancing round as though in dread of seeing something terrible. I seated myself again on the foot of his bed, and asked him what was the matter.

"'I won't laugh no more, I promise you,' he said, with great solemnity. 'I've had a lesson. Look, see, sir. Every night since you was here Barny have come and stood beside me at midnight and held out his hand as if askin' for that half dollar. *Padre*! I ain't afraid of no Huns. But I don't like ghosts, not a little bit I don't.'

"I tried to persuade him that it was all hallucination. But he would not have it. 'Tell you what,' he said at last. 'You come here to-night and see if he don't appear to you as well as me. First you feel a sort of cold wind a-blowin' down your neck from the side he stands on. Then there he is as large as life, all ghastly lookin', with a hole in his temple you could put your thumb in. I believe if I could give him that half dollar he'd quit and be good. But I hain't got no money.'

"I tried to laugh him out of his fancy. But it was useless. Finally I agreed to do what he asked. I had no difficulty in getting permission from the hospital authorities, for Major Conant, the head of the hospital, is an old friend of mine. So about a quarter to twelve that night I arrived at Carroty's bedside on the right of which he had thoughtfully persuaded an orderly to place a chair for me. 'Tell ye what,' he whispered, 'I'll put my hand on the bed, you put half a dollar in the palm, and when I say he's there you watch that half a dollar as if it was di'monds. If he don't take it I'm——. Beg your pardon, *padre*.'

"It seemed a long fifteen minutes to midnight. The sounds of uneven breathing, of restless maimed bodies tossing in their pain, the soft rustle of bed clothes or of moving nurses were all nerve and heart-racking. Then, from the heights behind the hospital I heard the clock of St. Pierre strike the first of its twelve midnight beats. 'He'll come your side,' whispered Carroty. And I own I did not relish that piece of information.

"Was that a cold air on my cheek?

"I had placed half a crown in the palm of Carroty's right hand, which lay outside the coverlet, flat.

"'Keep your eye on the half a dollar,' said Carroty. 'Then you'll see if he takes it.'

"Again I could have sworn I felt a cold breath blowing upon my cheek. I felt the bed tremble, and knew that Carroty was shivering. 'He's here,' muttered Carroty. 'He's here, and he do look cross! No he don't! He looks pleased now. As pleased as Punch. He's seen the half dollar. Keep your eye on it, *padre*. Don't let it out of your sight.'

"But for my consciousness of the fallibility of human senses I should be prepared to swear that despite the intense temptation to look up and ascertain if I could see what Carroty seemed to see, I never took my eyes off that half crown. Yet suddenly—I cannot define the exact moment—the palm of Carroty's hand lay bare of aught save its natural flesh and skin. The half crown had vanished before my eyes. Again I felt the cold air on my cheek.

"'He's gone,' said Carroty. 'And he's took it as pleased as if he'd prigged it. Now, *padre*, what good d'ye suppose that will do him where he is?'

"I felt confused, puzzled. The lights in the ward were low, it is true. But there was plenty of illumination to permit me to see the hand and the half crown, and it certainly had appeared to me as if the latter vanished before my very eyes.

"'He can't spend it, can he?' asked Carroty, anxiously.

"'I can't talk to you now,' I said, for I was upset, I don't deny it. 'I'll come and see you again in a day or two. Then you will be able to tell me if you have again seen what you believe to be Salmon's spirit.'

"'It's blamed mean of him to take it if he can't make no use of it,' grumbled Carroty. 'Well, so long, *padre*.'

"The next morning I still felt puzzled. Carroty had asked me to keep my eye on the coin. I believed that I had done so, yet it had vanished. I could not explain it.

"I meant to go to see him again that day. But there were poor fellows in my bunch dying at other hospitals, and I could not get to Hospital 16 again till two days later. As I walked down the ward there was a ripple of laughter from the beds. Carroty I found had, the day before, been taken home on a hospital ship, and his bed was filled by another man, a stranger to me. But in the next bed was a man I knew, though he was not of my parish, but from the Whitechapel Road.

"'Didn't you tumble, sir?' he asked, endeavouring to conceal his amusement. 'Why Carroty Simmons was the best hand at palmin' between Aldgate and Stratford. That there cold air was me blowin' through a pea-shooter. Of course you didn't think you took your eyes off the coin. But, lor! Even if you hadn't it wouldn't have made much difference. Carroty could jerk a coin up his sleeve with the muscles of his palm and wrist. I've seen him do it often. But I think his cackle must have took your attention off for just half a mo', and that was more than enough for him. Oh! He's fly, he is. And he's gone off to Blighty happy, with half a dollar in his pocket.'"

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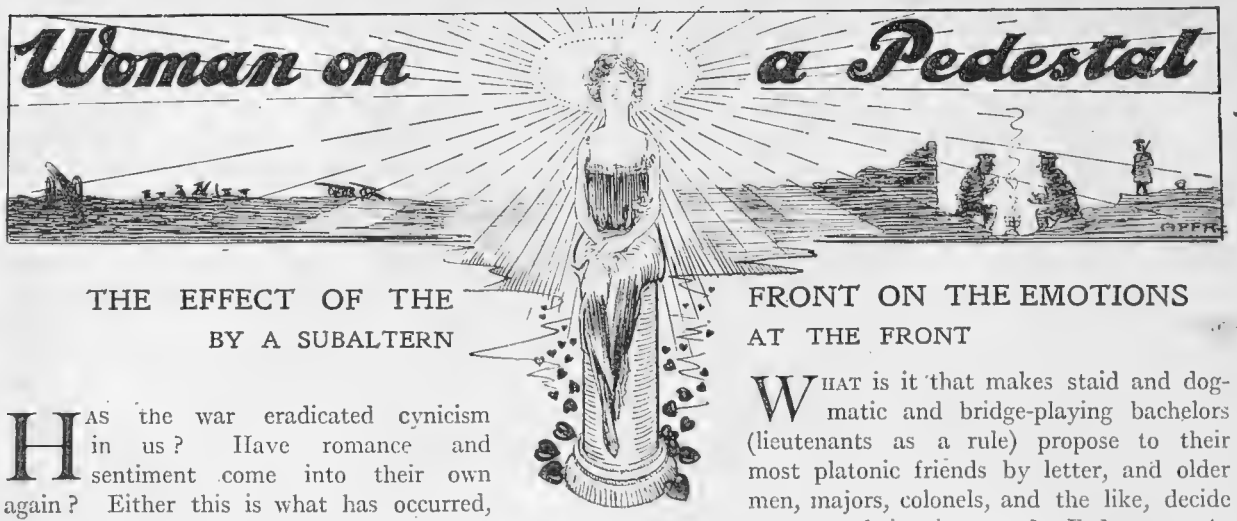


THE EFFECT OF THE FRONT ON THE EMOTIONS

BY A SUBALTERN

AT THE FRONT

HAS the war eradicated cynicism in us? Have romance and sentiment come into their own again? Either this is what has occurred, or a terrible disease is affecting the hearts of all ranks out here. The R.A.M.C. seem disinterested, though I believe it is affecting a great many of that unit itself. Brass-Hats, too, are ignoring the matter, and have not even brought out a new form about it—"Special orders for Officers about to become engaged . . .," etc. The

"The Weekly Illustrateds which are as Gin at a mothers' meeting to us here"

philosophers of our mess, consisting principally of foreigners from Norwich, Croydon, and Golder's Green, are merely garrulous and unconvincing. I am wondering whether there will have to be a special committee formed to deal with the matter. Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, or Charles Garvice would, perhaps, preside.

* * *

YOU must have noticed in the Weekly Illustrateds, which are as Gin at a mothers' meeting to us here, how fast the number of engagements, photographically announced, is increasing? Possibly you comment upon the happy smile of the future bridegroom. The photograph was actually taken when the youth had just obtained his commission and was swaggering the fact that he was paying the rent of some charming creature's flat in Maida Vale. And why has he cut short the sowing of the proverbial oat and tied himself up with the "Daughter of So-and-So, who is so well-known to Surbiton society"?

WHAT is it that makes staid and dogmatic and bridge-playing bachelors (lieutenants as a rule) propose to their most platonic friends by letter, and older men, majors, colonels, and the like, decide to marry their mistresses? *Eadem causa*!

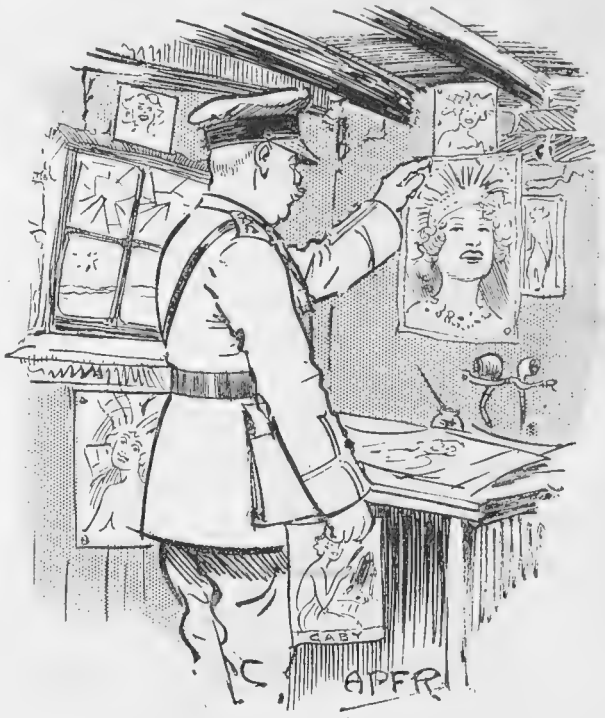
In my own company, one subaltern married a chorus girl when on leave last week, another has just become engaged to a damsel whose only quality, as far as I can ascertain, is that she kisses better than anyone else he knows. (This, to my horrible mind, suggests long practice and a mis-spent youth.) A third subaltern is frantically answering advertisements in the *Times* personal column. The Second-in-Command is collecting photos of Gaby Deslys as if in a second childhood, and pronouncing us all libellers at the same time. As for the O.C. himself, he has "got us all beat." At Colchester, when not lecturing on military etiquette, he would preach to us of matrimonial bliss. He went home on leave recently, and we are told that his wife is now gathering evidence for divorce proceedings. Personally I don't believe it.

And why all this? Why? Why? Why?

* * *

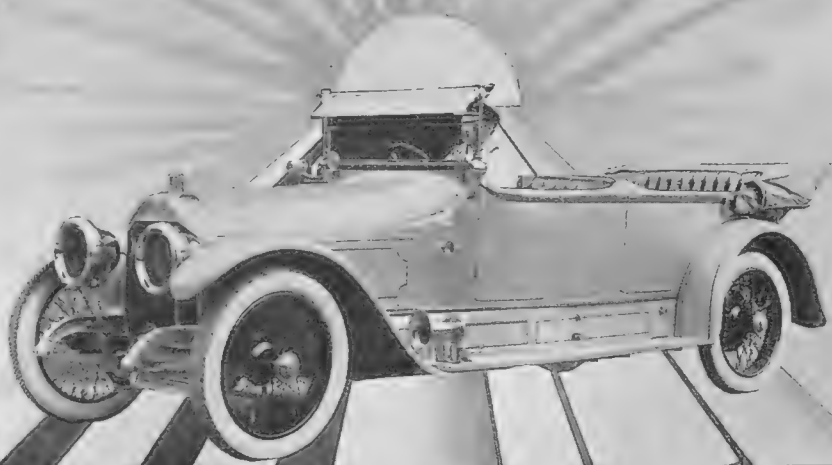
I AM afraid there are very few women to-day who realise what an honour a man is conferring upon them when he asks one of them to be his wife. What is a girl's ambition, often unexpressed I admit?

(*Continued on page 120*)



"The Second-in-Command is collecting photos of Gaby Deslys as if in a second childhood"

BRITAIN'S PROVED BEST MOTOR CARRIAGE



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WOMAN ON A PEDESTAL (*concluded from page* 118)

Responsibility. She is a prop for her mother, a butt for her father, and a servant for her brothers. She is guarded and flattered or free and abused. Even if she is happy, amused, she is still longing for something. She is longing to have her *own* family and household, she yearns to rule instead of being ruled. She wants her *own* servants, freedom, man. Above all she wants to have children. Gurgling babies. To give her all this, a man surrenders his independence and half of his friends. Before the war he got sometimes a companion, occasionally a passionate friend, and seldom a helpmate. This is why there was such a cynical feeling about marriage. That was why night clubs were so abundant, music-hall promenades so full.

* * *

WHY should it have changed? Men who frivolled at the Colchester Hippodrome, wrote notes to the acrobats—men who rushed from their camps to Salisbury to see some decadent manicurist—men who never went home during their week-end leaves, why have they become so serious here? What is it that makes them jabber of self-sacrifice, rave about parental bliss? They are in love. They have suddenly realised, perhaps during the mastication of some badly cooked bully-beef, possibly during an earwig hunt in their billet bed, that Edith, Doris, or whatever her name may be, is the one woman in the world to make them happy and comfortable. Of course, it is an English sort of love. It begins with friendship and affection. Passion comes to it. With artists, it is reversed, of course. It begins with wonderful passion and a glorious friendship and understanding comes afterwards.

Personally, I can see but two explanations. I think it possible that fighting breeds love. If we look back at our Greek and Roman history, we find that all those heroes had to be stimulated for the fray by a woman. Later, in the days of chivalry, no knight considered himself worthy of the name if he did not carry some token of ye fayre ladye. Fighting has always been for women and with their moral support.

* * *

THEN the second explanation. At the beginning of the war men didn't really mind leaving their sweethearts very much, and husbands were usually delighted to leave their wives. And now, I suppose, they are beginning to see things in a different light. She realises that "my selfish brute of a husband," who usually "strolls into the room with his muddy boots and, after taking them off in the drawing-room, seizes the easy chair and the only newspaper, and reads extracts about economy." *She* realises now that he is not quite so selfish as she supposed, that he isn't so luxury-bound, that the children *do* miss him as much as they would her—that she misses him awfully herself, and loathes all the female friends in whom she formerly confided about her man's foibles. And now he has been mentioned in dispatches.

He realises that the woman who "couldn't do a thing by herself, not even look after the kids—who couldn't even keep the books low or the servants in order, who always wanted him to do her work as well as his own and finance her continual amusement," he realises now that she is wonderful, that she is running the household on half the income, although food "has gone up terribly, dear"—that she is sending him out stuff continually, writing him amusing letters, and, above all, that he wants her frightfully. And all the expressed cynicism cannot vanquish that awful want. We all feel it here. The want of love—real and sincere, spelling self-sacrifice, entire devotion.

* * *

A YOUNG man came up to me the other day—a junior sub., who under ordinary circumstances would have talked to me of the latest fox-trot, and the only girl in London who could really do it. "Do you know, old chap," he began, fumbling with his sword frog, "that I feel as if I'm living this life entirely for my own benefit. I wish I could find an object, a girl. Someone who could represent my ambition." This, from 19½.

"She realises now that she misses him awfully"

And will it last? Is it merely a passing phase? Will unhappy marriages ensue? Will the breach of promise cases fill the courts and *nisis* be never made absolute? I don't think so. I believe that we have ceased to laugh at virtue—that we have abandoned the weak pose of cynicism. I believe that we have realised that we are men and they are women, that each is indispensable to the other, and we are going to fight through together with "self-sacrifice" as a motto.

Even I, who have had two years of wretched entanglement and three years of liberty, am seeking for Trouble again.

RONALD FRANKAU

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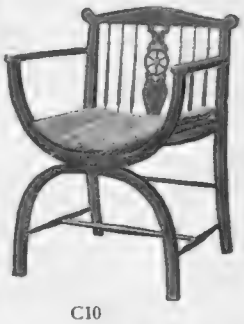

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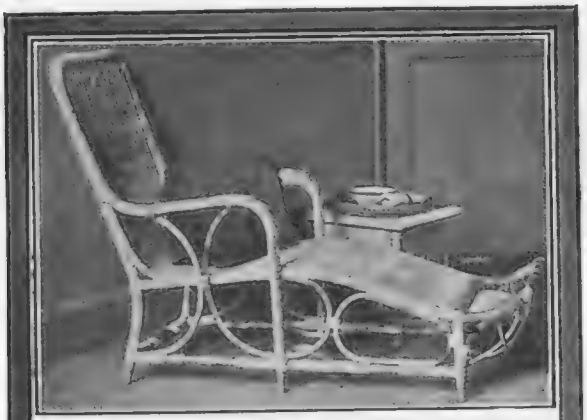

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Books of the Week

NEW FICTION AND A STUDY OF "G.K.C."

A Good Novel

MR. Forrest Reid's work matures. It is thoughtful and distinctive. Behind the most ordinary incident of which he may choose to write there is something of that air of mysticism which has always been his. His latest novel, *At the Door of the Gate* (Arnold: 6*s.*), like its predecessors, deals with the folk of Belfast, and works up gradually to a climax which is of a kind not easily to be described. Mainly the story is of one Richard Seawright, the younger son of a postmistress. Few novelists can write of boyhood with such intimacy as Mr. Reid, and in this rather wayward but lovable Richard, who became a tea merchant against his will, he has surpassed himself. Things go badly for the boy. He is rarely understood, and his marriage with Rose and his love for Grace Mallow complicate matters to an extent which, in the final chapter, shocks you. Yet there is an inevitability about the thing which will not be denied. This is good work, with fine silver-point drawings of the people about Richard, and a never absent sense of artistic proportion. Dealing with Mr. Forrest Reid's work you are obliged to apply high standards, which in this case are easily satisfied.

Society in Service

In Mr. Archibald Marshall's *Upsidonia* (S. Paul: 6*s.*) Mr. Howard, an Englishman on a walking tour, explores a cave and finds himself in a strange country where Society is in domestic service, and the rich are the down-trodden. Indeed, they are shockingly treated — these poor rich. They are forced to keep innumerable servants (most of them peers, though one of the gardeners is only a baronet), and made to eat much more than is good for them. Mr. Marshall's Gulliver meets with amusing adventures, and the neat way in which he does not get the fortune which would have been so useful to him in England—particularly to-day—rouses your mirth. Also, there is a good type of the sanctimonious humbug in Mr. Perry, who *is* created Lord Magnolia for his life-long services to the rich; and the notes at the end of the book remind you that Mr. Marshall once wrote that excruciatingly funny book, *Peter Binney: Undergraduate*. There is, too, a biting satire in some of the passages, and a story sufficiently cohesive for the purpose; yet the thing is not wholly successful, and comparisons inevitably suggest themselves. On the other hand, this is war-time, and life in *Upsidonia*, as the title suggests, is far enough removed from life as we know it to make you forget the war altogether for a while.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Whose latest book, "Upsidonia" (S. Paul: 6s.), a story of the adventures of an Englishman of the "Gulliver" type, is reviewed on this page

"Life Force"

Mrs. Henry Tippett's new novel, *Life Force* (Everett: 6*s.*), is a free, outspoken sort of book about unpleasant men and the dearest, nicest women you could imagine. It is quite a good story, but Mrs. Tippett seems to have lost her faith in mere man. If he is not a drunkard himself, then he drives women to take morphia. Or perhaps it is that the two sisters of her story are more unfortunate than most other people: they certainly have rather a poor time. Margaret's husband refuses to die, even after he has been put away in a home and Margaret herself has become friends with somebody else. Ruth's Dr. Lyttelton is not free to marry her, and the poor dear takes opium. Things seem to get morbider and morbider, but fortunately Mrs. Tippett has a sense of humour. Her practice of drawing character almost wholly by means of dialogue is one which has its disadvantages, but she has a good story to tell in addition to which her presentment of that yearning for motherhood, which is the main theme of the novel, is exceptionally well done. Her next book, however, must really be provided with a curly-haired, blue-eyed giant of a hero of the good old type. R. S.

Criticism of a Critic

The writing of books about people who are still writing pretty freely about themselves is a rather delicate task which some of the authors of Messrs. Martin Secker's series uniform with *G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study* (7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Mr. Julius West, have found just a little beyond their skill. But in the present case the critical student is very much at home in the Zion of his critical subject. He slaps him on the back and praises and blames him with a good amount of impartiality. Mr. West states that in his critical review he is speaking entirely for himself and that if any man think him misguided, inappreciative, hypercritical, frivolous, or anything else, why, he is welcome. So we are still allowed to have a tiny little opinion of our own, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. West has written a fairly stout volume on a subject by no means vital. Mr. Chesterton baffles his critic a little, but he likes that, and sets to work to expound his subject as a

(Continued on page 124)

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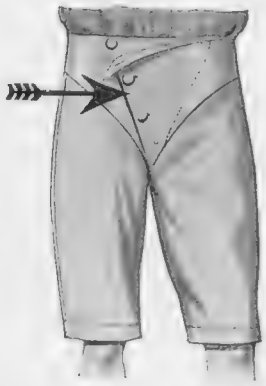

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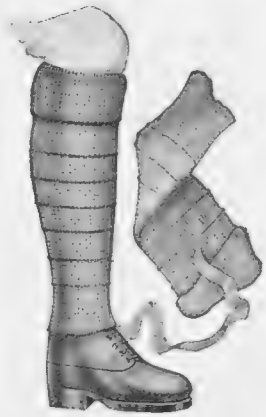

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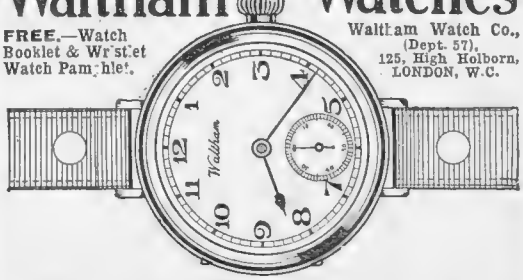

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 122)

writer of romances, as the writer of a single play, as a critic, poet, humorist, religionist, politician, and so forth, with a will.

Chestertonians

Thus all those who like the work of Mr. Chesterton, and I have been told there are many such, will enjoy Mr. West's book, for it is truly a labour of love—the love which occasionally chasteneth and which is sometimes unexpectedly dithyrambic. The ablest part of the book, and that which will be most read, is the introduction. There the author demonstrates that the declining years of the last century produced little more, from the literary point of view, than bored persons who yawned, and he suggests that the work of Mr. Chesterton and his friends came as a kind of antidote to the bane that overwhelmed us. Certainly the humoristic pose of Mr. Max Beerbohm was no expression of his actual artistic personality, nor did the young lions of the Bodley Head, with the exception of the few mentioned by Mr. West, come to a bad end. Of course, they fade with time, but the "Yellow Book team," as the author calls that once famous galaxy, shows some remarkably tenacious reputations. However, it is his business, at the moment, to demonstrate that we lived through bad days in the 'nineties, and that the coming of the large, loose, weighty manner of people like Mr. G. K. Chesterton was a valuable advance in—ought one to say?—morals. These outcries against an arbitrarily chosen period do not convince. If in England 1898 was part of so decadent a decade, there are a thousand other historical instances of the same nature. Have not the still-remembered François Boucher and his world been taken to task for complaining that the grass was too green, and is it not always usual in literary criticism to over-praise, or greatly blame, the period just past? In any case, Mr. West sees something of a new force in Mr. Chesterton's journalism. He writes: "When an author's style is completely sincere, and completely part of him, it has this characteristic—it is almost impossible to imitate," and he adds that Mr. Chesterton and Shakespeare and Mr. Shaw have not been successfully parodied for this reason. However, I have seen a good burlesque of a Shaw scene. Again, was not Browning's style fairly individual? Yet I can remember no better parody, at the moment, than Calverley's "Cock and the Bull."

So-Called Romances

Mr. West's attempt to make Mr. Chesterton an interesting romancer is very brave. If the so-called romances do not amuse you it is possible that you will be considered a fool by the author—and judged a wise man by your own standards. I should say that in no direction has Mr. Chesterton more utterly missed his chance of making good. *Magic*, which may be considered an attempt at romance on the stage, consisted of three loose and confusing acts and a vague prologue—admirably acted on the first night. Mr. West devotes a longish chapter to proving how clever it is, and discovers grave importance in little things which appear to the accustomed playgoer as mere examples of carelessness and ineptitude. E. M.

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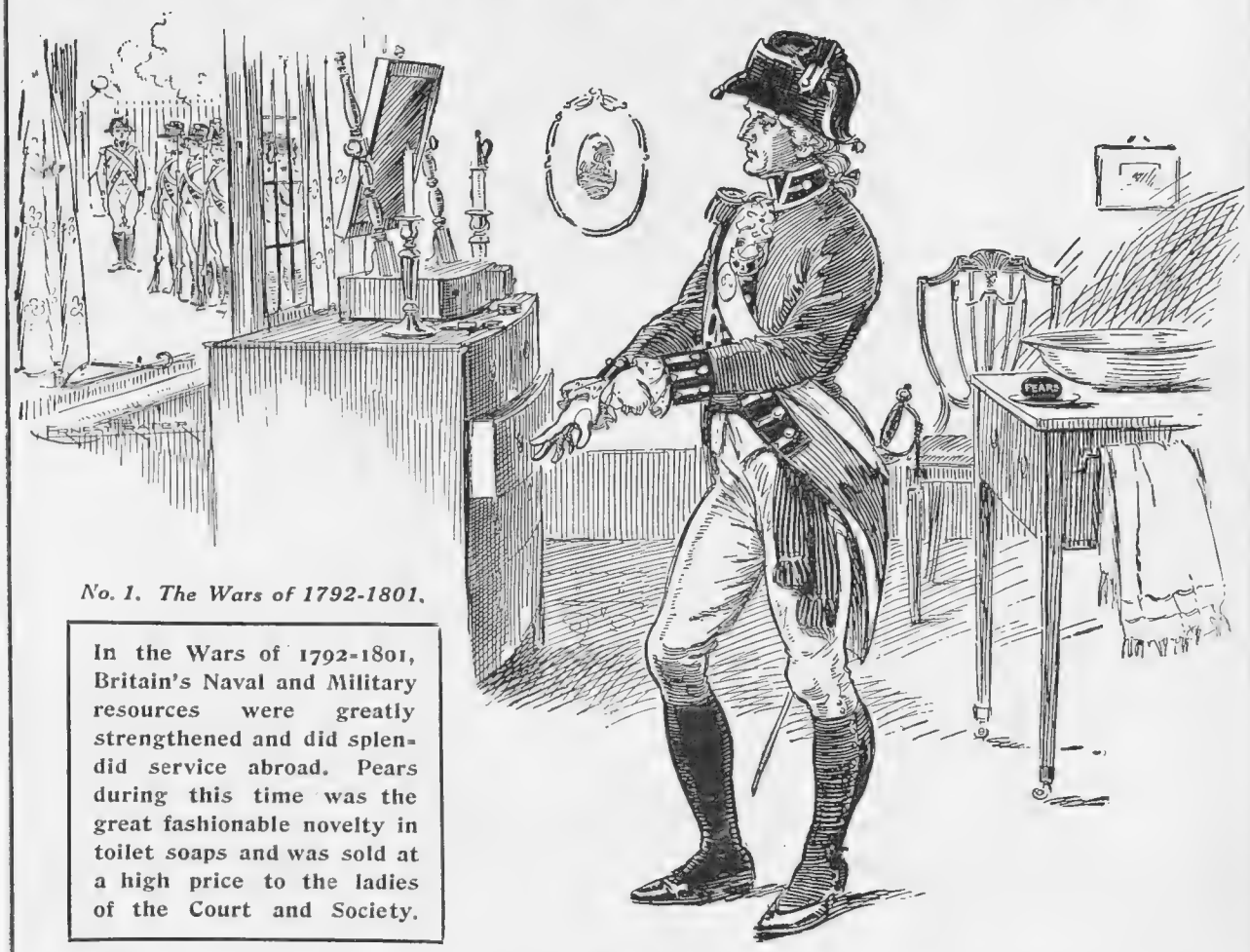

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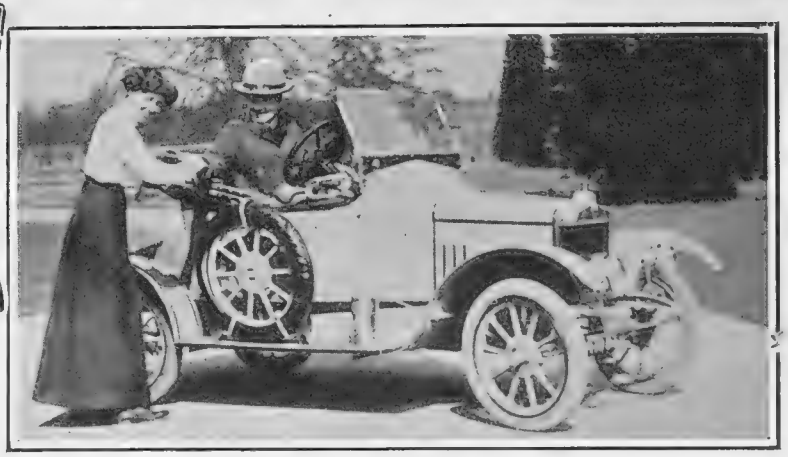
Motoring:

And Things Thereto Pertaining

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY



LITERATURE IN THE CAR—

—As distinguished from the literature of the car (which, of course, appears herein weekly). This is one of those everlasting little Standard Runabouts of illimitable service, acquired by Mrs. Edward Kennard, the well-known authoress, from the Midland Autocar Co., of Leamington, and photographed at Beoley Hall, near Redditch

Collectivism

THE Get-Together Gospel according to Saint Me, spreads. We may yet see that British combination of British car-makers and British capital, for the distinctly British purpose of supplying the British market with the all-British small car. It's right up against the canons of individualism; but then, as we might have known many years ago if we had only looked with the seeing eye upon the trend of industrial development, individualism can't pay—either in the character of a product or the value of it. The individual idea on anything is merely the expression of the collective idea; and to translate that collective idea, expressed through the individual, into terms of a commodity, you have to revert to collectivism again. In other words, the individualistic canons of British industry are all my eye. Combination is the law of commerce as of social life. So why not act accordin' in the matter of motor-car production? What we may not be able to do in comparatively small organisations, we may quite easily do in large. If we have achieved the success we *have* achieved in the green wood of organisation, what can we not do in the dry? Anyway, however much we used to shy at collectivism, we do not shy now.

***

Factors in Evolution

RACING, we used to be told, was the great factor in the mechanical perfection of the motor-car. Now we are being told that the war is an even greater factor. The one assertion, which I never would accept, is as true as the other. Any experience is a factor in development to whatever extent it has bearing upon, and is applied to, development. The evolution of the aero engine under the stimulus of war will doubtless be quite an important factor in future motor-car engine production; but mainly because it is manufacturing data for automobile engineers upon which they may experiment in connection with the road vehicle; *not* because engineers can transplant aero engines into the motor-car of, and for, common usage.

***

Good in Its Measure

WAR experience, racing, aero engine making, are all going to play their part; but it is not anything like so important a part as the complaints register plays in every motor-car making organisation. The superstresses of war and racing are excellent for discovering flaws in the detail of the machine; but it does not necessarily follow that flaws thus discovered are going to repeat themselves when the machine is functioning as a vehicle of ordinary usage; while there is a distinct danger that, if the engineer applies the lessons taught by the altogether exceptional stresses of racing and war, he may produce a vehicle altogether unfitted for the service and economy required in cars of common or civilian consumption.

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By the Bench and Bar of South Australia. The car is a Daimler, which the said B. and B. are advised, rightly, is an excellent vehicle for the purpose

The Dominant Average

THAT is obvious enough. We don't travel on prepared tracks at 100 m.p.h., and we don't, as a usual thing, take flying jumps over Black Maria or Jack Johnson craters, fall into ditches, overload by a normal several hundred per cent., or anything of the kind. If we did, and the car had to be constructed to cope with those conditions, it would be a very different affair, and it would probably cost several times as much. In short, all this talk about the lessons of racing and the war, is, largely, guff. We have to build to suit the dominant conditions. We have to determine the breaking strain of average conditions and then allow a sufficient margin in excess of the breaking strain of average conditions to cover possible contingencies. We can secure that margin quite as well without war and racing as with them. Both may act as a stimulus to mechanical development; but the incentive of commercial success is greater than either of them.

***

A New Journal

THE *Crossley Messenger* makes its bow as the house organ (issued every little while—dear old "every little while") of the Crossley Car Company. The first issue is a very notable contribution to the literature of motoring, delightfully produced, and more than worth considerable trouble to get. The trouble, however, need amount to no more than a post-card to the Editor, Mr. E. B. Wakefield (at the Crossley Works, Gorton, Manchester), to whom I present the most cordial congratulations.

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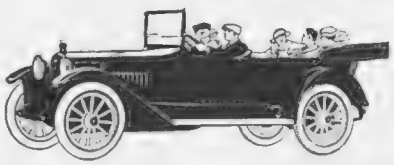

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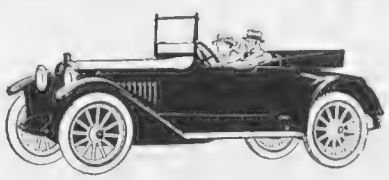

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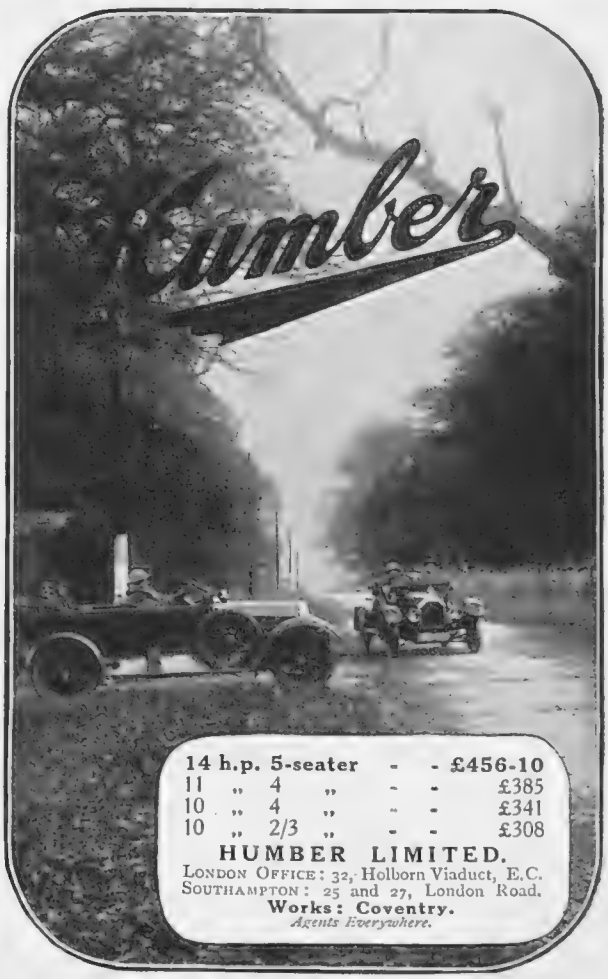

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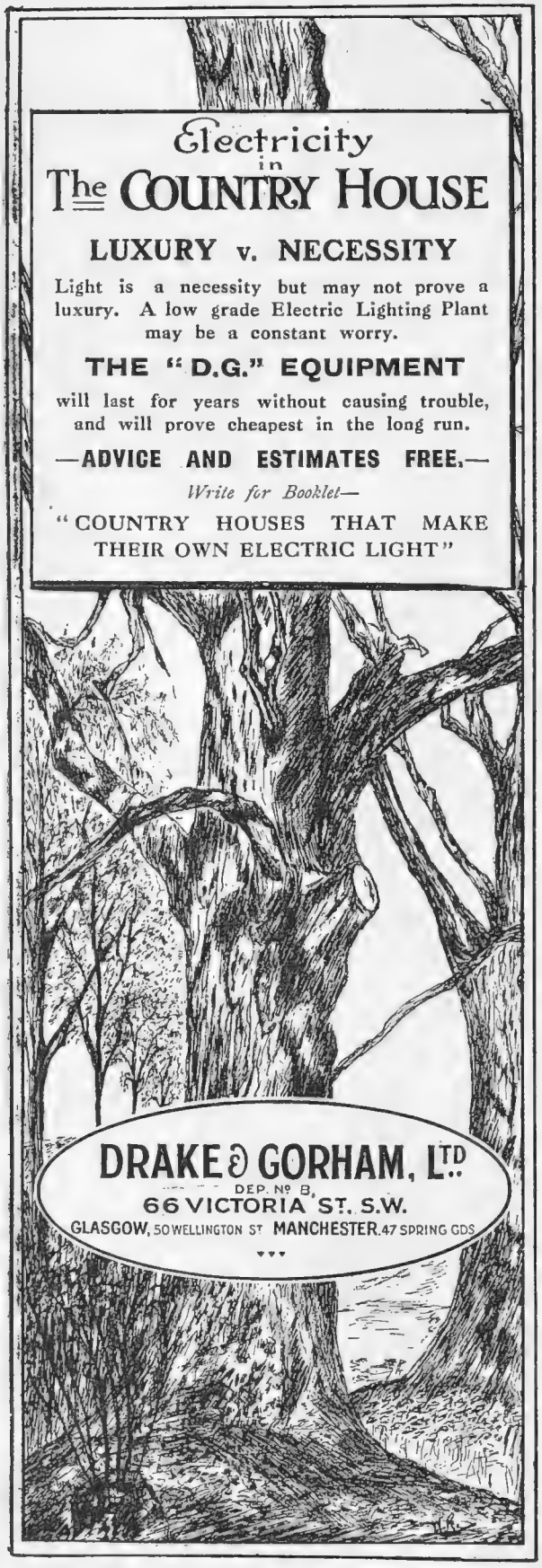

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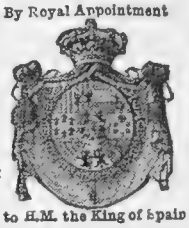

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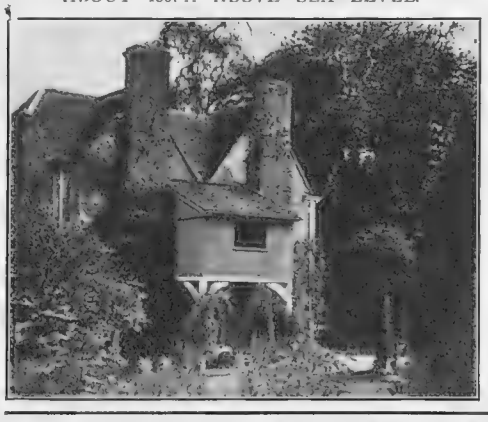

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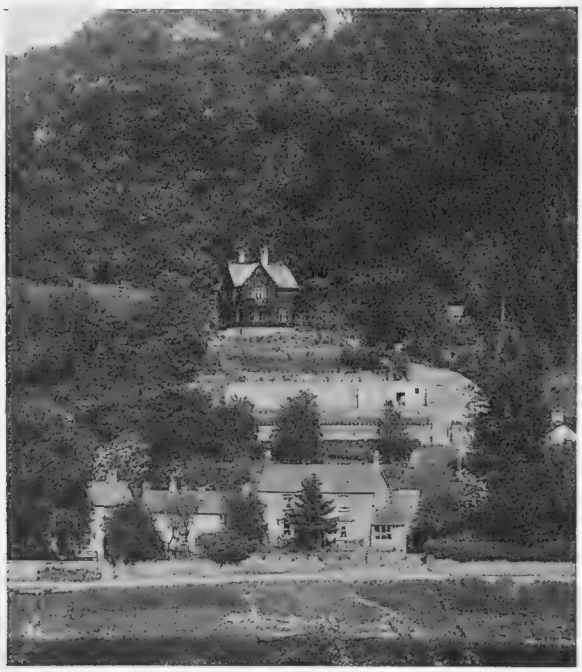

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In a favourite part close to GOODWOOD; about 1½ hours from London.

£175 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, with premium for improvements (land let off reducing the rent to £140).
CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITH WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS and PARK-LANDS OF ABOUT 50 ACRES.
11 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

125 ACRES. £3,150.
HANTS (between Newbury and Andover; high; gravel soil; South aspect.
A SMALL GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE.
Large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, garage; charming gardens and pleasure farm.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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FOR SALE, AT A LOW RESERVE,
By AUCTION in JANUARY
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A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE, occupying an ideal position, facing beautifully-timbered grounds, and overlooking and having
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The House has recently been brought thoroughly up to date, and most tastefully and expensively decorated at enormous expense. Many improvements have been installed, including: *handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms, and lavatory basins, new sanitation, etc.* 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), morning room (18ft. by 17ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.), splendid offices.
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—Printed particulars of the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

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ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSES IN BELGRAVIA for DISPOSAL.
It occupies a retired and sunny position
IN A FAVORITE SITUATION,
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FOUR BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION ROOMS,
magnificent entrance and inner halls, exceptionally good offices,
SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,
and capital stabling at back.
Lease 58 years. Ground rent £60.
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A COMMODIOUS FAMILY RESIDENCE,

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Stabling for 3; coach-house or garage; living room over.

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planted with many choice specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawn, rock and rose garden, kitchen garden, orchard; 5 ACRES of meadow-land; 3 ACRES of common-land, the whole about

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HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION on JANUARY 25, 1916.

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ENORMOUS REDUCTION TO ENSURE SALE. HIGH UP. NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST. GRAVEL SOIL. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

£1,800 WILL PURCHASE this delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY: lounge hall, 2 good reception, bath, 7 bed and dressing rooms; long drive; beautiful pleasure grounds, prolific orchards and pasture-land of

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Stabling, garage, with man's rooms, cottage, farmery; or the whole estate of 15 ACRES, price £2,100.

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BEAUTIFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE.

PERFECT ORDER.

BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.

BARGAIN, £4,000.

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with rose gardens, Dutch garden, sunk garden with lily pond, bulb garden, terraces, double tennis lawn, bowling green, wood-hand walks, lake, herbaceous borders, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchards, glass houses; stabling, garage, farmery; 2 cottages.

FREEHOLD, £6,000.

AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.

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BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE in perfect order; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, garage, extensive buildings and 125 ACRES of rich land. Freehold, £3,300.

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NEAR GUILDFORD AND GODALMING.—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, beautiful grounds, stabling, garage, 3 cottages, farmhouse, extensive buildings, and 150 acres of parklands bounded by a river. (Farmhouse and land at present let at £200 per annum). Price for whole estate £5,000.

OXON, NEAR BANBURY.—Imposing stone-built FAMILY RESIDENCE: extensive stabling, garage, commodious buildings, cottage, charming pleasure grounds and parklands of 120 acres. £5,000.

SUFFOLK, NEAR SAXMUNDHAM.—Superior GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: stabling, garage, extensive buildings, beautiful old-world pleasure grounds and parklands of 150 acres. £3,500.

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PRICE FREEHOLD, £4,500.

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BUCKS (glorious spot near High Wycombe, under an hour from town; high up, lovely views).—A perfectly appointed old MANOR HOUSE: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms; oak beams, panelling, open fireplaces, main water, central heating, stabling, garage, farmery; delightful gardens RENOWNED FOR THEIR BEAUTY, and 10 ACRES of grass-land.

BARGAIN, £3,000

(£2,000 could remain on mortgage).

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Regd.
TRENCH COAT

THE MOST RELIABLE MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER. ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

Somewhere in Flanders.

September 15, 1915.

"The weather out here has been pretty good since I came out, with the exception of last week, when it rained very heavily for three days, and I can tell you it made no mistake about it. The trenches were very soon over the boot-top in mud and water. However, with the aid of a pair of good rubber-top boots and my 'Aquascutum,' I was able to keep perfectly dry. I cannot speak too highly of my 'Aquascutum,' as it has had many very severe tests and has always proved to be *absolutely* waterproof."

(*Extract from Officer's letter.*)

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Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.
By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

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Graceful Taffeta New Spring Hat, simply trimmed with bow and rose bouquet. In black, navy and nigger. Price **29/6**

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Selected by LORD KITCHENER as the most serviceable weatherproof campaigning coat, after a critical examination of other models; and worn during his visits to the Front.

THE TIELOCKEN Patent Coat has overlapping fronts which completely cover the vulnerable parts of the body, providing, from throat to knees, a double safeguard of the greatest value during prolonged exposure to extreme wet or cold.

EASY ADJUSTMENT is assured by doing away with buttons and replacing them with a strap-and-buckle, which enables the coat to be fastened or taken off with the utmost expedition.

THE SKIRTS are so arranged that it is impossible for the legs to be exposed, thus obviating the difficulty of keeping the lower part of the body dry in stormy weather.

N.B.—Many 1915 Civilian Topcoats and Suits, as well as Ladies' Coats and Gowns are being sold during January at ONE-HALF USUAL PRICES. Full list on request.

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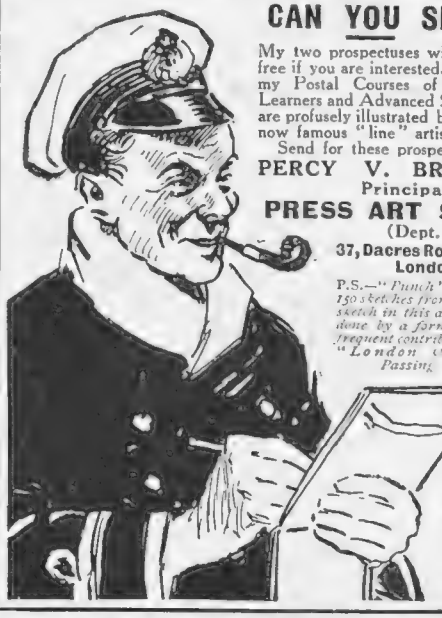
Many of our bold fighters are finding cheer and relaxation studying my Drawing Courses.

Free and unrestrained, these Courses teach the modern methods advocated by twelve of London's Art Editors in the production of vigorous, bold Drawings.



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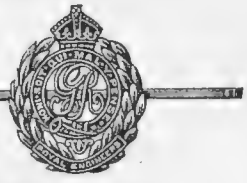

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In charming country, near to the sea; South aspect, bracing position: 2 hours from London.

TO LET, Furnished, for Winter months, 3 gns. weekly: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, kitchen and usual offices; electric light; hot and cold water.—Apply, JOHN BRAY, Auctioneer, Bexhill-on-Sea.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for SIX MONTHS OR LONGER, at £3 3s. per week.—Charming detached HOUSE in private road, overlooking large wooded estate, with garden to private water leading to Thames, but high above flood level: 6 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms; garage, etc.; electric light, central heating. Beautifully furnished and recently redecorated throughout. 7 minutes from two stations; 5-minute electric service to Waterloo (30 minutes).—Apply Owner, 8, Broom Water West, Teddington.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large case 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., 1b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

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GIVES A £1,000 INSURANCE
TO ALL ITS READERS.
THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"The Great Sacrifice"

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY has purchased the original.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has bought a replica and has been graciously pleased to write as follows:— "It is a lovely picture which must appeal to the feelings of the whole Nation."

THIRTEEN BISHOPS have written in its praise.

CARDINAL BOURNE has kindly written a special letter of commendation.

COMMANDING OFFICERS have written of its wonderful recruiting power.

CLERGYMEN AND MINISTERS of all denominations have preached on it.

No fewer than **15,000** letters have been received from all parts of the world in connection with it.

No picture of modern times has so stirred the imagination and aroused the conscience of the Empire as Mr. James Clark's great Academy work with the above title.

The first editions have been exhausted, and to meet the new demand a fresh issue has been arranged in the following styles.

Facsimile Oils, Framed, 28 x 20 **£1 11 6** *Carriage Forward*
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Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

BECAUSE we have to be so careful and willy-nilly practise economy, it is more than ever necessary to give close attention to the clothes we buy. Few of us just now feel justified in discarding a purchase that does not happen to please, as in those blessed days of peace we frequently did. But just now we walk warily, and consider, in addition to the suitability and *chic* of a gown or coat and skirt, its probable lasting qualities. The general demand is for something *modish* but not extravagant—and it is not in the least necessary to be extravagant in order to avoid the bugbear dowdiness. There is plenty of variety and to spare in the completely changed aspect of clothes. Interest and surprise are evoked even by the simplest effort. As witness the

Early Spring Coat and Skirt

illustrated on this page. Always supposing it is to be got, faced cloth is likely to make a big bid for favour during the coming season, and, in one of the charming wine *nuances*, this is the fabric we have in mind for the suit. The wide circular skirt speaks for itself, while the equally simple coat is rendered distinctive by a very slightly raised waistline at the back, and a front that buttons right up to the throat to meet the high collar of dark brown fur. The sleeves, also, it may be noted, are slightly belled, being merely stitched there and ornamented with two pierced pearl buttons toned to the cloth. These toned buttons, by the way, are a small, but particularly telling, item. They indicate a special effort and also almost inevitably some trifling extra expense. But they are well worth it, as such niceties seldom occur on ready-made confections.

That is a very 'cute little toque, too, which Mrs. Dorothy Millar has suggested as a completing note, of wine-coloured velvet, ornamented with two amazing crossed grey wings, the one sweeping fore and the other aft, a disposal that at once carries us out of the realms of the commonplace.

EARLY SPRING COAT AND SKIRT

Of wine-coloured faced cloth, specially designed and sketched for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar, and more fully described on this page. The toque is of wine-coloured velvet "en suite," with crossed wings of grey

A "Mourice" Tailor-Made

It is always inspiring to find energy and enterprise not only felt, but promptly acted upon. M. Mourice, 141, New Bond Street, for one, never allows the grass to grow beneath his feet. Although only within comparatively recent days—since the war began, anyway—has he produced for himself at the above address, yet his previous experience covered about as wide a ground as any fastidious tailor could desire to graduate in. And the result is very apparent in the supremely good and exclusive models to be found in this *salon*. While his many *confrères* are struggling with the sale of surplus stocks, M. Mourice is blandly arranging his early spring campaign. And he is the better able to do this, as in the matter of designing he is his own master, as well as being his own cutter and fitter. Therefore, once Mourice has the character and style of a client, the latter can safely rely upon receiving the utmost satisfaction at his hands.

(*Continued on page* viii)

FASHION'S FANCIES (*continued from page* vii)

A hint of the styles he is proposing to inaugurate for the coming season is afforded in the pictured example. This exceptionally *chic* suit is carried out in wine-coloured gabardine, the coat in particular revealing several special features. Primarily there is the now generally accepted stand-up collar, and a full circular added basque to the coat, this terminating beneath either side the back, which latter is arranged in three box-pleats that after passing the waist are allowed to fly, the wide belt, likewise starting from the side, being passed in front through a handsome buckle of wine and white pearl. For the skirt a plain circular model has been selected, two half-moon pockets ornamenting either side of the front. This likewise is finished by a wide belt held by a wine and white buckle, while above, starting on either side, and taking a slightly upward tendency under the arms, comes a small flat-pleated frill of the material. But of the general *ligne* the sketch speaks far more eloquently than any words. And for wearing with these coats and skirts Mourice has always a bevy of enchanting little blouses, which commence as proportionately reasonable in price as his costumes, the latter, by the way, made to order, commencing at 5 guineas.

A "MOURICE" TAILOR-MADE

Designed for wear during the coming spring, and sketched by Dorothy Millar at the salon of M. Mourice, 141, New Bond Street. The costume is described in Mrs. Jack May's notes

A Furnishing Opportunity

We have the experience and valued opinion of those who make a cult of furniture and house decoration that a clearance at Hampton's, Pall Mall East, is always well worth while waiting for, and visiting with care and discretion. The one now in progress will be found amply to fulfil expectations, with the added incentive that in view of the rapidly increasing scarcity of labour and cost of raw material, it may be some time ere we experience its like again. Approximately a saving of from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. may be made on furniture, carpets, rugs, cretonnes, chintzes, tapestry brocade and damask curtains, cushions, lace and muslin curtains, household linens, and china and glass—goods one and all of Hampton's high-class quality. A special offer comprises a clearance at big reductions of a stock of metal and wooden bedsteads and bedding, secured before the enormous advance in price. One of the bargains, for example, is a 3ft. Jacobean oak bedstead, finished dark antique colour, complete with woven spring mattress, bordered wool mattress, feather bolster and pillow, for £3 14*s*.

Wall papers, again, are reduced half-price, regardless of the fact that

(Continued on page x)

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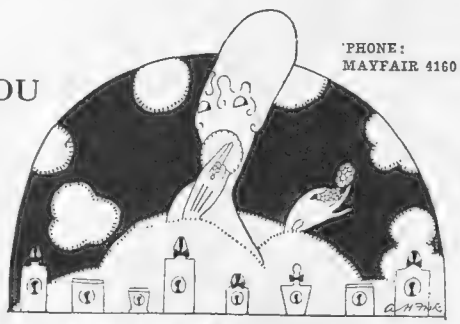

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You will be astonished at the ease and comfort as well as the success of the Treatments. For those who are unable to call, the DORAKLEEN

Home Treatment For Wintry Weather

Will Keep your Skin in Perfect Condition, and is Easily Applied.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD, nourishes and whitens the skin, removes wrinkles and impurities, and preserves the elasticity and bloom of youth, price **3/6**, **6/6** and **12/6** per pot.

NORSK EXTRAIT.—A refreshing and bracing anti-wrinkle lotion, which tightens relaxed tissues and eradicates lines and crow's-feet, price **6/6** and **12/6** per bottle.

DORAKLEEN CLEANSING CREAM.—A scientific substitute for excessive washing, so injurious to sensitive skins. It removes all impurities and softens the roughest skins, price **3/6** and **10/6** per pot.

DORAKLEEN WINDPROOF CREAM.—A Cream which, when applied to the skin, affords an absolute and entire protection against the fiercest onslaughts of the wind. Very useful for sensitive skins, price **2/6** and **5/-**.

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A Rowe Sailor Suit

with every detail complete and correct exactly like illustration, made from fine quality shrunk drill, costs, carriage paid, **17/6**

These garments are sold by us direct from London (or from Gosport) and are stocked by numerous agents in Great Britain, the Colonies and the United States.

The Rowe Book shows all the variations of these sailor garments, with complete prices. It may be had on request.

Write to us for address of your nearest Agent.

TO JUVENILE OUTFITTERS
We have a few vacancies open for Agencies where not already represented. Write early for particulars.

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106 New Bond St. London W.

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REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

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ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 . 10 . 0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent.
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening Many designs for day or evening wear. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

DAINTY HOME DINNER GOWN OF DULL BLACK SATIN. The Sleeves and Vest are of fine Black Net, and Bodice has Basque effect at back.

Price 11½ Gns.

DAINTY LAYETTE

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CORSETS BELTS

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR

The Cavendish
CA-RADIUM Hair Restorer

The "Cavendish" Radium Hair Restorer is prepared with Radium Water. The colour of your hair at 20 is retained. This is my latest preparation and will give unparalleled satisfaction. It is a genuine Radium lotion that will absolutely bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age. It is not a Dye. Applied to the roots of the hair a few days in succession, it will imperceptibly supply the pigment of the hair with the natural colour fluid that is lacking. In a few days the natural colour (whatever it may be) will return, and afterwards one application weekly will be sufficient to retain its colour. This perfect restorer will also keep the scalp quite clean and free from scurf, and like all my Radium Preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed. Price 7*s.* 10*d.* per Bottle.

RADIUM-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER.
Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair.
Price 5/10.

To be obtained at the Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Barker's, Selfridge's, etc., or from HELEN CAVENDISH, *Specialist in Radio-Active Toilet Preparations*, 120, NEW BOND STREET, Highly recommended by "The Queen," "Gentlewoman," "Ladies' Field," etc.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

LOVELY EYELASHES

should surround beautiful eyes. Do you care for yours? Send 1/- for advice, brush, and box of

CURLASH CREAM

a colourless eyelash food, to Dpt. B.Y., THE BALDWIN MFG. Co., 95, Wigmore St., London, W.

N.B.—Supplied by post only.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page viii)

they are of the latest 1915 designs and highest quality. But room has to be made for new stocks, the cost of which, it may be pointed out, has advanced no less than 20 per cent. Odd lots of papers from three to ten pieces are marked even less than half price. Cretonnes commence as low as 6½*d.* the yard, a notably beautiful design at 1*s.* having a cream ground patterned with birds and flowers, a bold French design, French printed. Of chintz there is a large and varied assortment, all very much reduced, a start again being made at 6½*d.* A handsome black ground chintz, closely covered with bouquets of pink roses, has dropped from 1*s.* 6½*d.* to 7¾*d.* the yard, and a rich orange colour and blue, 50-inch printed linen, to 2*s.* 11*d.* in lieu of 6*s.* 6*d.* the yard. This is also obtainable on a purple ground. And of these, together with any other goods available to the purpose, Hampton's will clear out remnants on Saturday, the 29th, at half price.

A Big Combine

An agreement has recently been entered into, subject to the approval of the Canadian Government, by which the "Sun Life of Canada" re-insures the entire business of the "Manufacturers Life" of Canada. The combined assets will amount to about £20,000,000 and the annual income to about £4,000,000 with assurances in force of £65,000,000. The "Sun Life of Canada" has transacted business in the United Kingdom for about twenty-two years, and its name has become almost a household word, especially in connection with its annuity business, which is the largest transacted in the British Empire. There can be no question that the amalgamation is greatly to the mutual advantage of the assured of both companies, and an additional source of strength to the "Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada."

Carreras, Ltd.

The accounts, after writing off all advertising for the year, show an available balance of £82,103 16*s.* 7*d.* The Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum for the half-year, making 10 per cent. for the year ended October 31, 1915. They also place to reserve £25,000, making the amount now standing to reserve £75,000, and carry forward £29,201 4*s.* 7*d.*

Quick Work

It will doubtless interest many of our readers to learn that the theatre—illustrated in last week's BYSTANDER—which Messrs. Vickers have provided for the amusement of their munition-workers at Barrow-in-Furness, was formerly the Walney Picture and Variety Theatre, situated on Walney Island. The work of adapting it to Messrs. Vickers' requirements was entrusted to Messrs. Hampton, and this involved the entire reconstruction of the original building, the enlargement of the stage, the addition of a number of up-to-date appliances, such as fire-proof curtain, hot-water heating, and fire hydrants, and the entire decoration and furnishing of the interior. All this was done by Hampton's within eight weeks of the time of starting.

Cocoa Exports to Neutral Countries

Messrs. Cadbury, the cocoa manufacturers, write from Bournville, Birmingham :—"We see that, according to statements in the Press, cocoa exports to Holland, Denmark and Scandinavia during 1915 have amounted to 34,520,987 lbs. The vast bulk of these exports is, we believe, raw cocoa, the export of which we never touch. Our exports of prepared cocoa during the past year have been 56,030 lbs., and this was done in fulfilment of contracts made in 1914. We have consistently advocated, both in the Press and in interviews with Government departments, the prohibition of exports of cocoa to the above countries during the war. Our chocolate exports to the above countries during the period have amounted to £768."

WHERE TO WINTER

MONTE CARLO

1915-1916

CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Afternoon and Evening Concerts, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of M. M. JEHIN, GANNE, and LAUWERYNS.

Special Opera Season, organised by M. GUNSBOURG, in February, March and April.

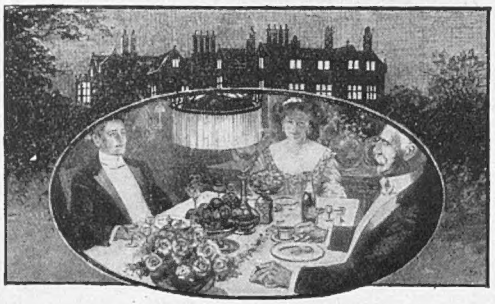
Important Ballets, supported by the leading Artistes from La Scala at Milan, and from the Russian Imperial Academies.

COSTUME AND FASHION'S CONGRESS. TENNIS, GOLF, ALPINE EXCURSIONS. VARIED AND CONTINUOUS ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

RENOWNED THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Every information from the "International Riviera Agency," 71, Regent Street, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY (Gas at 1/4 per 1,000)



In LIGHTING and COOKING

With a self-contained gas generator.

Our Patent **Duplex** Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on **Ordinary Petrol.** Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

COLONIAL AGENTS { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z. MARRS & Cia, Buenos Ayres. R. J. WATSON & CO., Santa Cruz. SPENCE, Ltd., Calcutta.

SPENSERS Ld. { LONDON: 53b, South Molton St. EDINBURGH: 119, George St.

A Household Necessity

Every Housekeeper has experienced the discomfort of rough red hands, caused by all sorts of work about the house. This trouble is soon done away with if a little

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

is rubbed into the hands every time they are washed. It is quite economical to use. Keep a bottle in your bathroom and you will find it an inestimable boon.

In bottles, 1/1½, from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM and SON, CHELTENHAM.

New Stoves for Old

The adaptability of the HUE enables you to convert your old-style grate into a modern Barless, coal-saving fire.

The Spring-Cleaning Season is an ideal time for installing the HUE. No mess, trouble or inconvenience.

No. 1 is an old-fashioned stove, which was the subject of a recent careful test. In 13½ hours it consumed 74lbs. Household coal. It was converted into a Hue Barless Fire (as No. 3), consumed only 32lbs. coal to *produce equal heat*, warmed the room instead of the chimney, and required little attention.

No. 2 is the HUE fire which you should have installed in your house. Simple in construction, satisfactory in use, fitted in a very short time. No need to pull down mantelpieces or remove the present stove. Price from **15s.**, which is quickly saved by the reduced coal bill.

How different No 3 is from No 1, but it is the same stove, *with the Hue adapted*. This Fire is more cheerful, clean, hygienic, and absolutely safe. The "HUE" has been installed in thousands of private houses and adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels and Institutions. Without question the most efficient Barless Fire on the market.

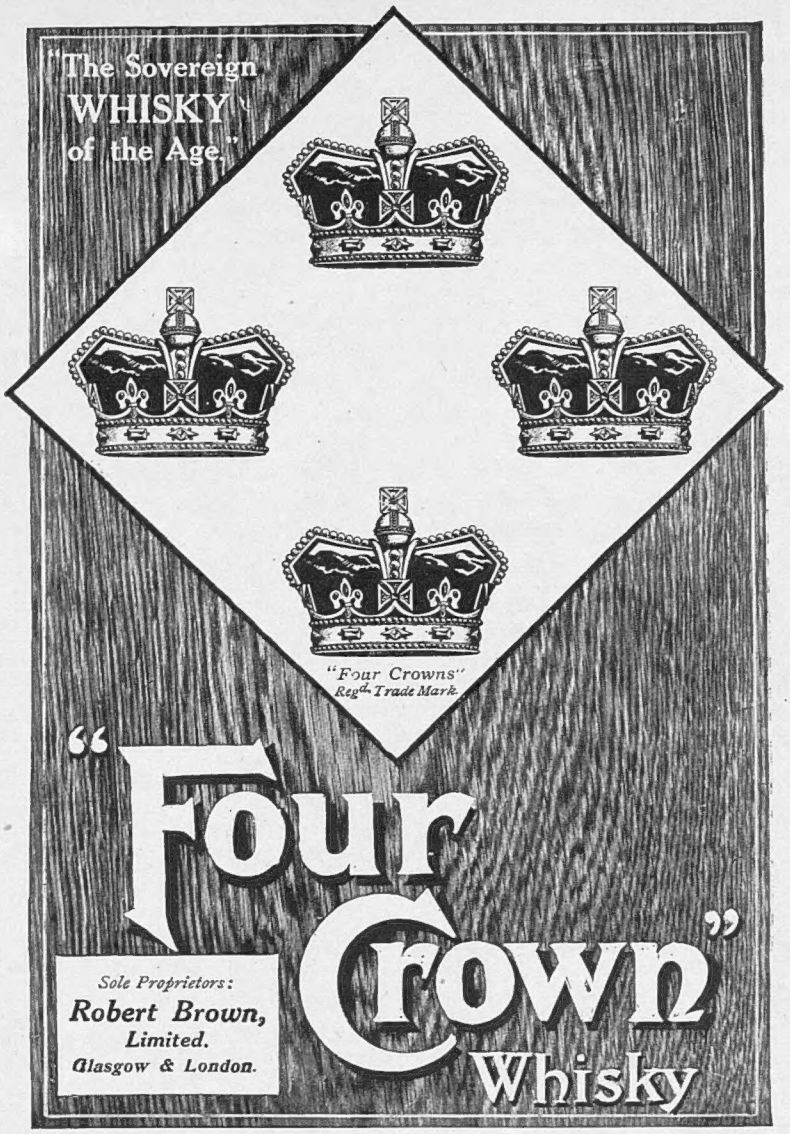
POST FREE

A beautifully-illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points.

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
(*Dept. B.*), **Stratford, London, E.**

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their very construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

"The Sovereign WHISKY of the Age."



"Four Crowns" Regd. Trade Mark

"Four Crown" Whisky

Sole Proprietors:
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"THE GRAPHIC" JIG-SAW PUZZLES?

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80	pieces,	average size		9 by 6	...	1/4
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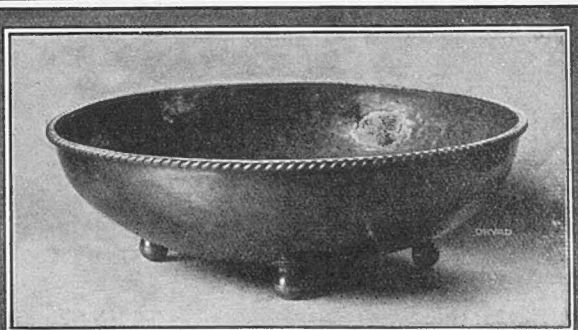
COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.



DRYAD METAL WORK

Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl for Flowers, Fruit or Nuts

8-inch diam., 10/6 9-inch diam., 15/- Carriage paid. Wire net for flowers 1/6 extra

Photos of other designs on application. Dryad Works, Y dept., Leicester

The Menu: Sweets and Creams for Young People's Parties

Compôte of Pineapple with Blanc-mange
Stone Cream
Fruit Sponge
Semolina Cream
Bavaroise au Chocolat
Walnut Tablets

Compôte of Pineapple with Blanc-mange

Make a blanc-mange with a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and 3 oz. of gelatine. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the milk, put the rest of the milk and the sugar in a saucepan, and let it get hot, but not boil. Pour over the melted gelatine, put into a wet mould, and when cold and set, turn out, chop up into blocks all the same size, and pile them in the centre of a glass dish. Take a tinned pineapple, cut into small pieces, arrange round the dish, and among the blanc-mange. A little grated cocoanut sprinkled all over the pineapple and blanc-mange is a tasty addition. Serve with some of the juice round.

Stone Cream

Boil ½ oz. of gelatine in a little milk until dissolved, strain it, and then add half a pint of cream (or milk), a wineglass of sherry, the peel of a lemon grated, and the juice of half—also add about 1 oz. of castor sugar. Whisk all well together until the mixture thickens; then turn into a mould to set. Garnish with apricot or strawberry preserve.

Fruit Sponge

One tin of preserved apricots, six sponge cakes, and a sixpenny jar of cream. Place a layer of the fruit in a glass dish, cut the sponge cakes in two, and repeat the layers until all is used. Whip the cream and pile it on the top. Custard can be used instead of cream.

Semolina Cream

Put one and a half pints of milk into a double boiler, and stir into it 3 oz. of semolina, add sugar to taste. Let it boil for ten minutes, and when it is cool add the yolks of two eggs and a little vanilla essence. Turn into small dariole moulds and leave to set. When turned out put a spoonful of whipped cream on each and a crystallised cherry on the top.

Bavaroise au Chocolat

Grate a ¼ lb. of chocolate, and put it into a saucepan with 2 oz. of castor sugar, a little vanilla essence, and half a pint of milk. Simmer until the chocolate is melted. Add ½ oz. of gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour the chocolate mixture over them, return to the saucepan, and stir till it thickens (it must not boil). Strain it into a basin, and when cool add a gill of cream and half a glass of marsala. Pour into a mould to set.

Walnut Tablets

Put four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup into a saucepan, and stir over the fire until the mixture boils up. Keep boiling for ten minutes without stirring. Pour into a basin and keep stirring until the mixture thickens, and add half a cupful of chopped walnuts and half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence whilst still stirring. Turn into a buttered tin, and when cool mark into squares with a knife.

N.B.—All the above recipes are quite simple and inexpensive (so important at the present time), and can be easily made at home.

EMILIA

If You Value
your health, eat plenty of cream—there is nothing that will do you more good provided it is fresh and pure.
Milkmaid Cream *is* fresh and pure—not an atom of preservative—the richest, most delicious, most dependable cream obtainable. Try it with your fruit—fresh, stewed or canned, with porridge or other cereal, and give it to the children in place of Cod Liver Oil—they will like it, and 'twill do them good.

MILKMAID CREAM
Can be 'whipped' but can't be beaten.
Cash Price 5½d., 7d. and 11½d. per tin, of all Grocers and Stores.
Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

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by the prompt and judicious use of
EVANS' *Pastilles*
The never failing remedy for all respiratory and bronchial troubles. They carry off all irritating matter, and render the voice clear.
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Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.
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